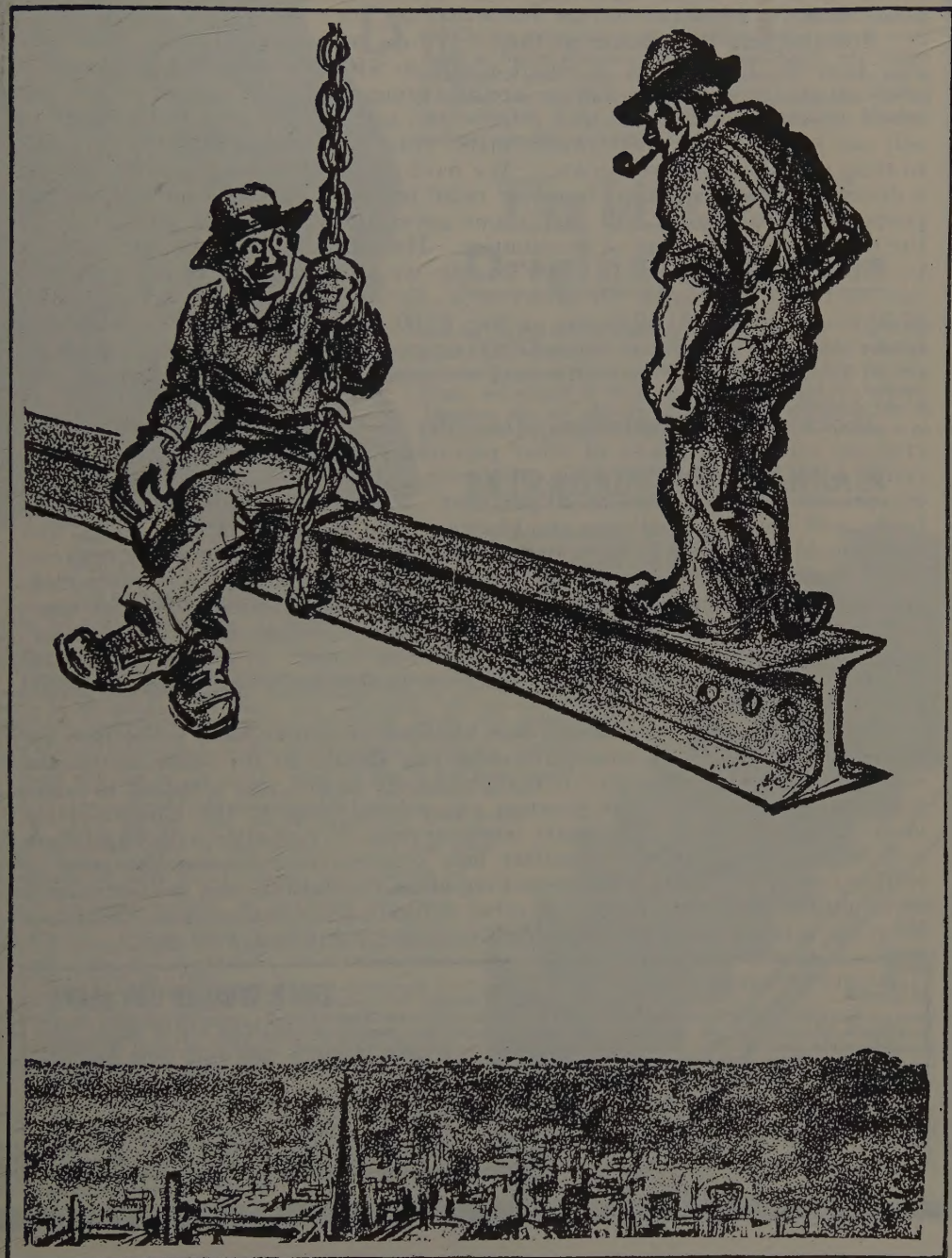


JUNE, 1915

*The*

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# INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW



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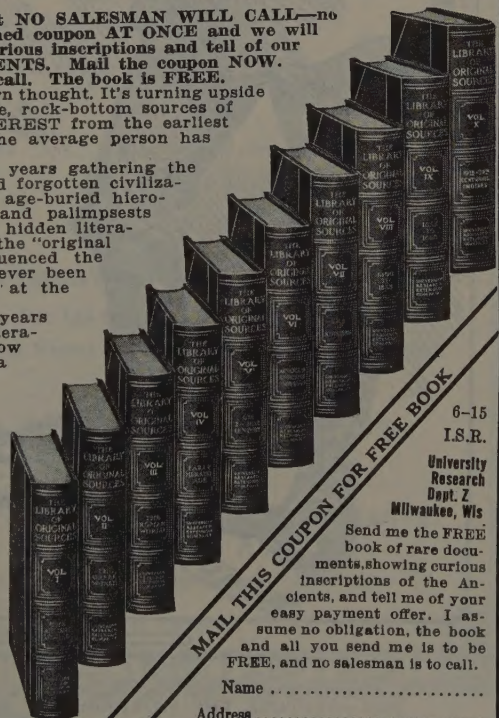
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The Kind of Peace Not Wanted



CARTER, in *New York Evening Sun*

BUT—SUPPOSE THE WORKERS GET WISE AND THROW DOWN THEIR GUNS!



June

1915

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**T A B L E O F C O N T E N T S**

Cover Design, Fitzpatrick, in St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

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Federal Commission on Industrial Relations.....  
Illustrated

Morals and War Babies.....*Mary E. Marcy*

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Turpentine .....*Marc N. Goodnow*  
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After the War—What?.....*Henry L. Slobodin*

**DEPARTMENTS**

Editorial: *When We Go to War*

International Notes

News and Views

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IRELAND, in Columbus Dispatch

THERE IS HARD SLEDDING AHEAD FOR THE MISSIONARIES.



# *The* INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW

VOL. XV

JUNE, 1915

No. 12



## FIXING THE PAY OF RAILROAD MEN

By CARL SANDBURG

Third Article

**R**AILROAD firemen and engineers got beaten, soaked, trimmed to a finish, in the western railroad wage arbitration award handed down April 30. Because there were 65,000 enginemen on 98 railroads involved, taking in all the roads between Chicago and the Pacific Coast, it was the biggest deal of the sort ever put over by the railroad companies in the handling of labor.

It was the worst fizzle in collective bargaining, mediation and conciliation ever carried on in the holy name of "industrial peace," whatever that means under present conditions.

There's nothing hard, harsh, mean or unfair about this kind of talk in connection with this particular arbitration. Harsher and fiercer talk may be heard almost anywhere when you come across a bunch of live railroad men these days. They know they were handed a lemon and raw stuff was squirted all over them. What they want to know now for sure is who was to blame and how they can stop the same kind of a deal ever again being put over on them.

They asked in their demands for more than \$40,000,000 raise in pay. They got just a little over a \$1,000,000. These figures probably measure the ratios of what they got all down through their long list

of demands. That is, they got about one one-fortieth of what they asked for.

So ended the longest, the most expensive, the most thoroughly prepared and the most widely significant arbitration hearing that the world has ever seen between forces of capital, formally organized, and labor, formally organized.

The end was a breakdown. The arbitration machinery proved to be a fake. Instead of a piece of fair play the whole game is now shown as crooked from start to finish and nobody is quicker to declare the crookedness of it than the officers of the railroad brotherhoods.

Sizzling on the inside of the big organization is discussion and inquiry. They are asking how and why about things that never used to bother them. For twenty years they have gone along piling multi-million dollar funds in their treasuries and building their organizations entirely with a view of mediation, arbitration and peace. Now they have been jolted with a blow so staggering that instead of mediation, arbitration and peace, they are looking toward fights, strikes and industrial war, straight economic pressure, to get them what they want. How and why this is so will appear from some of the facts of recent railroad history here reviewed.



### How They Were Trimmed by Arbitration

To be exact, the demands of the brotherhoods were for a \$41,000,000 increase in wages. In dollars and pennies, they will get \$1,020,498.10.

There are 5,767 engines affected. Increase per day is \$851.86 or \$311,111.40 per year.

Engines where firemen's wages are affected number 7,005. Increase per day is \$1,395.58 or \$509,386.70.

Increases for hostlers, by latest estimate, total \$200,000 a year.

There are 27,000 engineers, 30,000 firemen and 8,000 hostlers, trying to use their heads figuring out what these figures mean. To a hostler on the Chicago Junction Railway, it means, for instance, that he now is raised from \$2 a day for 12 hours work to about \$2.04 a day for 12 hours work. The increase will not buy a glass of beer daily in which to soak his grief over the failure of arbitration.

Railroad engine-men are slipping down from the high place they once held. Tables introduced in the evidence of the hearing showed engineers in switching service in Chicago work for 42½ cents an hour, while hod carriers of the same city are paid 48 cents an hour and skilled workers in other trades are paid from 65 to 75 cents an hour.

It was also shown that on June 30, 1914, the combined accumulated surplus of 43 western railroads amounted to \$625,895,415 and the actual cash on hand of the railroads in on the arbitration amounted on the same date to \$208,278,196.

Looking at these big piles of cash on hand, the fellows in the cabs of the engines today feel there ought to be more of it peddled out to the men who run the engines and haul the trains and risk their necks on the job.

### Surprise Tests.

On some roads, the company has a trick for trying out the engineer. When a red light is flashed on him all of a sud-



den, it's his duty to stop the train. Of course, his heart jumps into his throat, his blood pressure shoots up, and there have been cases where a man's hair

turned snow white in a few hours after such a threat of wreck.

The brotherhoods demanded that red lights shall be flashed only when there is actual danger to the train. To throw a danger signal at an engineer when there is no danger, merely to find out whether the engineer is efficient and how quickly he can make a stop, is an atrocity on the engineer, his health, his family, his life.

Under the arbitration award, the railroads will go ahead with surprise tests as they please and just as they did before. The award lets it go with a simple statement that such surprise tests "should not be conducted under conditions that are hazardous to employees."

### Principal Demand Kicked Out.

At some railroad centers now are rows of small engines boarded up and useless, getting rusty. They are on the scrap pile because bigger engines that haul longer trains and get more work done have taken their places.

Firemen shovel more coal and engineers have to be keener handling these monster new models. So the brotherhoods demanded that rate of pay should be based on weight of engine on the drive wheels. The bigger the engine the more the service of the engine-men and therefore the higher their pay should be. That was the argument.

During the hearing, it was ably supported by W. Jett Lauck, economist for the brotherhoods. He set up a new theory in economics, holding that increased productive efficiency of the workers entitled them to higher wages.

The demand was struck off from the award. Nothing doing.

### It Sure Was a Lemon

Without analyzing the award further, suppose we just notice these facts. The two brotherhood men who were members of the arbitration board—F. A. Burgess assistant grand chief of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, and Timothy Shea, assistant president of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, refused to sign the award. They said it was unfair, unreasonable, unwarranted, reactionary, repugnant, disastrous. Their long statement to the public said that the theory back of the arbitration "if allowed to flourish and grow will rapidly place the



American wage earner in a condition similar to that of the Mexican peon." Further, they said, "the award does not permanently settle any of the questions involved and unquestionably will create chaos and ill-feeling among all classes of train service employes and particularly engineers and firemen."

As usual, these high officials of the railroad brotherhoods fail to show any feeling at all for the less skilled and lower paid workers on the roads. The 8,000 hostlers were forgotten completely in the last statement and they were only a minor side issue through the whole arbitration. Hostlers, of course, come to know a whole lot about engines. It is from hostlers that the railroad companies will try first to recruit strikebreakers if a strike ever comes. At such a time, the brotherhood officials will feel a little more real brotherhood toward the hostlers than they do now.

This was the statement of Warren S. Stone, grand chief of the engineers, on the award: "The engineers have gained practically nothing. There are approximately 34,000 engines in the western territory. On not more than 3,000 of these have the engineers gained an increase in wages and that increase is so slight that it practically amounts to nothing. We had better rules before than the rules granted us by this award."

In short, Stone is now "eating crow." He admits defeat. And there would be no reason for jeering at him now and pointing accusations at him, if his record on strategy was all straight. This is precisely the time for calling attention of railroad brotherhood men again to the words of Stone in February, speaking to the arbitration board. Of all cheap apologies ever made by a labor official because his men are fighters and ready to strike for what they want, there never has been anything surpassing these remarks of Stone. They were delivered in reply to a criticism by A. W. Trenholm, chairman of the railway managers committee, that Stone was going farther than his organizations wanted him to. Stone replied:

"I want to say, neither in the way of explanation nor excuse, that the grand officers of this organization, instead of taking the lid off, try to keep the brake

on. If the men did not come to us with these grievances we would not be here with them. The thing we have always tried to do is to be conservative and keep the dissension down, if possible, instead of adding to it, as no doubt you would infer from the testimony of the witness. If we simply take the brake off and let the men go, it would be a whole lot more radical than what it is. If any fault has been found with the executive officers of this organization, it is because they have been too conservative and have allowed the railroads to capitalize that conservatism and have not got the results that the rank and file think they should have gotten."

### Charley Nagel Stuck With His Class

On the day the arbitration award was made public, the brotherhood officers gave out these facts on the life record of Chas. Nagel, the lawyer who sat as one of the two umpires or neutrals on the arbitration board. To labor men the startling feature of it was the unmasking of Nagel as a former militia captain and a companion of sluggers and gunmen when the St. Louis street car strike of 1900 was on. Four strikers were killed and more wounded by the forces of law and order in which Nagel was a commanding officer.

The St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* of April 2, 1909, is cited as containing an interview at Washington signed by the reporter, James Morrow. In this interview Nagel tells what he did in the street car strike. He says:

"I volunteered my services to the sheriff. In six hours I reported with 75 men. It was a company of representative Americans, being composed of lawyers, clerks and porters from stores and warehouses. We put on rough rider uniforms and were armed with riot guns, each of which shot seven bullets with every pull of the trigger and made a noise like thunder. We were on duty 21 days and nights and we established order wherever we were sent."

In the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* of June, 9, 1900, page 12, column 4, is an item





which reads: "Company 21—Charles Nagel, Captain; Allen C. Orrick, First Lieutenant; George T. Weitzel, Second Lieutenant." This item appeared in a long article on the street car strike. It told of Nagel sworn in as a deputy sheriff and his organization of a company as a posse comitatus. It was the next day, June 10, 1900, that four strikers were killed. The *Globe-Democrat* of June 11, 1900, had a paragraph which stated that Lieut. Weitzel of Capt. Charles Nagel's company, was active in the strike zone and cleared the street of the crowd.

In his Washington interview of April 2, 1909, Nagel spoke as though it is still a matter of some pride with him that he shared glory with those who shot down workmen in the streets of St. Louis. He said he had many of the strikers arrested and personally saw them through the police court. He referred to some of the arrested strikers as "samples," as though he had them picked specially for punishment as a warning to the strikers. He said, "I went to court when they were called for trial and personally saw them sent to the work house."

In the *Globe-Democrat* of June 13, 1900, page 4, column 2, in a feature story about the strike, is a paragraph giving details about Capt. Nagel and his company having attracted much attention among the citizens because of their new rough rider uniforms. The dandy uniforms are described minutely, the reporter emphasizing that side arms were suspended under the arm pits by leather straps. Local newspapers also showed that Capt. Nagel's company of deputies was mustered out of service June 25, 1900, by Col. J. H. Cavender in charge of the posse comitatus.

All this is a fearful showing. This Charles Nagel who assisted in the killing of workers struggling for better wages and the right to organize is the same Charles Nagel who became secretary of commerce and labor under President Taft. It's the same Nagel who sat from Nov. 30, 1914 until April 30, 1915, with five other men as the arbitration board hearing evidence and writing an award for 65,000 enginemen on 98 western railroads.

To go further with his record:

From newspapers and other reliable sources it is established that Nagel is a

corporation man through and through. He received a \$200,000 fee in commissions for his services as trustee for the estate of Adolphus Busch, the brewer. He was attorney for the Waters-Pierce Oil Company, a Standard Oil branch and got \$8,000 as a fee in one case. The law firm of Nagel & Kirby the past five years has acted as attorneys for the Manufacturers' Railway Company of St. Louis. The road has 25 miles of track and is owned by the Busch estate of which Nagel is trustee.

These financial and legal connections of Nagel were known to St. Louis railroad men. They were told to the officials of the brotherhood early in the arbitration hearing. Several financial directories to be found in any good public library disclose that Nagel is a director of the Union Trust Company of St. Louis and is also a director in the Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company of Milwaukee. Both companies hold stock in railroads. The Union Trust Company has \$12,000,000 of first mortgage bonds of the St. Louis, Brownsville & Texas Railroad, which road was a party to the arbitration.

In other words, Nagel is more of a railroad company man, closer to the big railroad capitalists, than anybody who sat on the arbitration board. A. W. Park of the Illinois Central, and H. E. Byram of the Burlington, the two railway officials who directly represented the railroads on the arbitration board, were not as strictly company men, not actually as high up in railroad finance circles as Charley Nagel, supposed to be "neutral" and called on to serve as an "umpire." Can you beat it?

Question: Where in the devil was Warren S. Stone, chief of the engineers, and where was W. S. Carter, president of the firemen, when Nagel was placed on the board?

Another question: Even after Charley Nagel was put on the board, how in the name of all that's human could Stone and Carter have the patience to go on month after month with evidence and arguments in front of this St. Louis lawyer, strike-breaker, and pal of railway capitalists and railway financial wildcats and crooks?

Of course, the day the award was made, Stone and Carter let out a loud howl that Nagel is a railroad company man and stacked the cards against the railroad workers. What did they expect? What



else did anybody expect who knew that Nagel was a corporation lawyer and had been secretary of commerce and labor under President Taft?

The American Federation of Labor in a February news-letter published correspondence showing Nagel as a tool of the big steamship interests promoting immigration for American capitalists. THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW for April discussed all these connections and said any kind of a wage raise from Nagel was impossible.

As we look over some of the work of Stone and Carter patiently going along month after month trying to squeeze a drop of justice for workingmen out of the hide of Charley Nagel, we are reminded of:

1. The man who locked the barn after the horse was stolen.
2. The man who built a boat in his barn and made it so big he couldn't pull it out through the barn door.
3. The waiter who spilled the soup

and then turned his back to the patron, touched the seat of his pants and said, "Kick me right here, sir—right here, sir."

These two men who are at the head of the two rail brotherhoods pull down higher salaries than any other labor officials in the United States. They get \$10,000 a year apiece. What for? While the cost of living has gone up 100 per cent the wages of railroad workers have gone up 15 per cent.

Is a man worth \$10,000 a year who will make the open brag before an arbitration board that he and the other officers of the union "keep the brake on" while the rank and file members of the union want "to tear the lid off?"

These are some of the facts and questions that underlie the talk now running strong in the rail brotherhoods for a newer and a bigger brotherhood that will take in all rail workers—and which will strike to enforce its demands instead of going through the farce, the mummery, the inexpressible monkeywork of arbitration.







International News Service.

FEDERAL COMMISSION ON INDUSTRIAL RELATIONS.

Left to Right—A. B. Garretson, Harris Weinstock,  
Mrs. J. Borden Harriman,

John B. Lennon,  
Frank T. Walsh,

Richard H. Aishton,  
James O'Connell.

## SAYS LABOR WILL WIPE OUT CAPITAL

Haywood Declares I. W. W. Would  
Not Stop at Revolution.

### PICTURES ERA OF FREEDOM

DECLARES NOTHING WILL HALT  
CLASS STRUGGLE.

Only Implacable War Ending With  
Great General Strike and Confis-  
cation of Means of Production  
Could Bring Workers to Ideal —  
No Identity of Interest Between  
Labor and Men Like Rockefeller  
and Morgan, Who Contribute  
Nothing to Production.

(From the *Baltimore American*)

Washington, May 12.—A revolution that would wipe out America's present industrial and political system and establish an ideal era of freedom was described to the federal commission on industrial relations as the ultimate object of the Industrial Workers of the World, by William D. Haywood, its secretary and treasurer.

A world in which labor, organized into a vast compact union, should control all the means of production and in which there should be no such thing as "capital" was held up by Haywood as his land of promise. He declared that only implacable war between labor and capital, ending with a great general strike and confiscation of the means of production, could bring the workers to that ideal existence.

For Revolution, He Says

"This is a class struggle that must go on," he told the commission. "There can



be no identity of interest between the workers, who have only their labor power, and such men as Rockefeller and Morgan and their stockholders, who contribute nothing to production. The struggle will go on despite everything this commission can do or can recommend to congress. The battle is inevitable. Labor must fight for what capital now controls, the means of production, tools, machinery and all of those things which should be controlled by labor alone.

"I have had a dream of a new society some time in which there will be no struggle between capital and labor, in which every man will have free access to the land and the means of production and livelihood. There will be no government, no states, as we know them now. Congress will be made up not of lawyers and preachers, but of experts from all branches of industry, come together for the good of all the people."

Commissioner Weinstock questioned Haywood as to what methods would be employed to bring about this change.

"I believe in any kind of tactics," said the witness. "I don't care if it means revolution. That's all."

### Would Tear Down New York

In reply to other questions Haywood said the I. W. W. differed with the trade unionists because it believed in the organization of a single great union instead of craft unions. Its ultimate purpose, he said, differed little from socialism.

"I might say it is socialism with its working clothes on," he added.

In the new era, Haywood said there would be no great cities.

"What is to become of New York, Chicago and the other great cities?" asked Commissioner Weinstock.

"There would be no idle brokers, lawyers and financiers to occupy such cities," replied the witness.

"But what would you do with New York?"

"Tear it down, or leave it as a monument to the foolishness of this age."

Haywood sketched the stormy incidents of his past life, telling of strikes in which he had participated, from the early troubles in Colorado and Utah to the recent outbreaks at Lawrence and Paterson. He continued his testimony the next day.

(From the *New York Call*)

William D. Haywood, secretary-treasurer of the Industrial Workers of the World, was on the witness stand nearly all of the afternoon.

Hastily Haywood sketched his life, beginning work in the mines at 9 and running down through a career of turbulence and strife to fifteen years ago, when he ceased working in the mines; then down to the present as an agitator. In this Haywood laid the background for an exposition of the purposes of his organization, carefully, though seemingly without forethought, building the basis for his position on the developments of his former industrial observations.

It was a dramatic story that "Big Bill" told—a story of strike after strike, hundreds thrown into jail, workers charged upon by soldiers, men and women beaten, court orders binding the workers and constant revolt against exploitation.

At the end of the recital he said:

"This outlines the main strikes of the organizations I have been connected with, and, I think, clearly portrays that there is a class struggle and that the workers are on one side, with the capitalists on the other; that the worker has nothing but his labor power and that the capitalists have all of the forces of government and of law; that he can have the police for the asking, that he can have the militia and the regular army.

"There are workers who have come to the conclusion that there is only one way to win. We don't agree with the statement that has been reiterated here that there is an identity of interest between employe and employer."

### No Identity of Interest.

"We say there can be no identity of interest between the worker who produces all, and Rockefeller and Morgan, who, neither by brain or muscle, contribute to the productivity of the industries that they own. We say the struggle will go on in spite of anything this commission can do. It's for the things now owned and controlled by capital. We say these things should be owned and controlled by the workers alone.

"Personally I don't think this can be done by political action. The wage





WILLIAM D. HAYWOOD.

working class is in the minority. They are not educated to the game of politics. While they are the only valuable units in society, their efforts must be confined to the shops where they work. I have dreams of a new society, in which there will be no battle between worker and capital, but where every man will have access to the land and to the machinery of production.

"There will be no political divisions as we know them now, and no congress of lawyers. There will be experts and the machine will be made the slave of man instead of a use of machinery that now makes the man the slave. I think this

can be done by direct action—that is, by organizing the forces of labor."

Haywood went on to explain direct action. "We propose by strength of numbers to declare ownership," he said.

After this came a prolonged tilt with Commissioner Weinstock, in which the Pacific coast capitalist sought to break down Haywood's presentment as something that Americans would never stand for. While, of course, the real point is the tactics involved, rather than the picture of the ultimate painted by Haywood, Weinstock gathered together writings of I. W. W.'s and others presenting the collection as the program of Hay-



wood's organization. Haywood neatly put "one over" on Weinstock by informing him that the first quotation made by the commissioner was the chorus of the national song of France, while the second was from a speech made in this city by Abraham Lincoln at a time when speculators were trying to force up food prices. Lincoln's advice was to break open the storehouses and take the food, according to the quotation.

### Haywood Puts One Over

Again the big witness slipped a sizzler across the suave commissioner when the commissioner brought up what he said was the I. W. W. idea in making poor goods as a form of sabotage. Haywood said, "that's a complaint we have against the capitalist system."

He denied that he wanted the workers

to do that. He wanted them to refuse to do it, as they do now, for the sake of the owner's profits. Whereupon Weinstock said, "Well, we'll cut out that part about inferior goods," much to the amusement of the audience.

Weinstock then contended that Haywood's doctrine would make a nation of thieves and liars, because of his advocacy of no contracts with bosses and nonrecognition of promises made under duress. "That's what you have now," said Haywood. "That is what the capitalist class practices every day."

In every one of these highly amusing clashes on the broad question of right or wrong, such as relates to those cited here, Haywood had Weinstock fighting for wind.

Haywood said that his organization now has 15,000 members.

## FROM AUSTRALIA

Melbourne, April 8, 1915.

Dear Comrades:

In spite of the War, perhaps because of it, our sales for the INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW continue to increase and we now want you to make our bundle order 300 copies monthly. By next week's mail we will forward check for \$100.

Fraternally,  
Will Andrade.

## FROM AUSTRALIAN WORKERS' UNION

Brisbane, April 9, 1915.

Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago Ill., U. S. A.

Dear Sirs:

Please find enclosed draft for \$119.50 for books and pamphlets. These are to be distributed free to the members of our organization.

W. H. Dunstan, Secy.





**COFFMAN**, in *Pittsburgh Post*

WHILE WAR LASTS—CHILDREN ARE REARED FOR THIS.



# MORALS AND WAR BABIES

By MARY E. MARCY

THE strong men are those who make the morals for society. And we may be sure they make them in their own interests. When kings were absolute autocrats, the King himself "could do no wrong," and all those acts which were for the BENEFIT of the King and the nobility were considered "good" acts, and those acts that were opposed to the security and interests of the King or the nobility were "bad" actions.

If you consider the various morals that have been taught in any nation for the past few years, you will find that nearly every "virtue" so applauded by the Church, the State, the University and the Press is admirable FROM THE POINT OF VIEW OF THE PROPERTY OWNER. The "virtues" are the acquired human characteristics that make the owners of the mines, the railroads, the great factories, shops and mills SECURE in the enjoyment of their wealth; a "virtuous" workingman not only maintains the security of the Rich, but, by his virtue helps to maintain a condition that enables the great Owning Class to acquire still MORE wealth and power.

We are always taught that ANY line of conduct on the part of the working class that will help the great Owners of Wealth in securing MORE wealth, or in the peaceful enjoyment of their wealth, is right, and virtuous and noble and praiseworthy.

The whole nation and, in fact, the whole civilized world teaches you and me, and the whole working class to do the things that are to the interest of the OWNING CLASS.

But the strange feature of the capitalist morality, the things we are taught are "good" or "bad," change from day to day, *overnight* if the masters so desire.

## About the Babies

When men began to accumulate property and to acquire the desire of be-

queathing their property to their sons, the old styles of marriage made way for the new style. Women were made the absolute property of their husbands and a wife was permitted only *one* husband. This became the law, the custom, the *virtue* in order that rich men might be certain that their own children, and no others, might inherit their *property*.

And this is the foundation of the lauded chastity in women, so that men might hand down their property to their own offspring and to the offspring of no other man. When it was considered right and moral for women to possess many husbands, no man could know his own children. Virtue in wives was the only insurance men of property had of leaving their wealth to their own sons.

And because the property-owning class has always found plenty of men and women in the working class ready and eager to work for a part of their own products, because the property owners have always had all the soldiers they might need to protect their property and to fight to win more property for them, the unmarried mothers have won only opprobrium and stigma from the state and from society.

The young, unmarried girl who gave birth to a child was shunned and cast out. The babies who were unfortunate enough to be born outside the "bonds of holy matrimony" were permitted to die or starve for all the Capitalist Class did for them. Babies were a drug on the market. Children born to unmarried women were given none of the privileges of the state. Widowed mothers might be entitled to a pension to care for their young; the unmarried mother was barred from any and all consideration.

But the day came with the Great War in Europe when the great Owners of Wealth in England, France and Germany discovered that soldiers were the most important beings in the world for the protection of their property and for

acquiring MORE FOREIGN property for them. They discovered that the great Capitalists of the rival nations were planning FUTURE wars wherein to gain more foreign territory and markets, to gain mines, rich lands possessed by them within the boundaries of their own nation.

They saw millions of the young men of their lands killed down in the war and the supply of vigorous young fathers depleted at home. They began to fear that the birth rate would decrease, that fewer babies would be born into the world, to do the world's work, and to do the future fighting in the *interests* of the Capitalist Class.

And the *morals* of the Capitalist Class changed overnight. They changed at the very moment when the Rich of the lands discovered they needed *more healthy* babies, to fight their battles, to make profits for them, to keep the min security against the Capitalists of foreign nations.

Whole regiments were married in batches, and thousands of healthy young soldiers were encouraged to breed before they went to the front. The German Government issued a proclamation to the effect that it would care for women who were confined for a period of six weeks, whether these women were married or unmarried. Later this same Government came forth with an offer to raise all undesired babies born as a result of the German occupation of Belgium. France promised to pension *all* mothers, and puritan, honorable Old Mother Grundy England encouraged her soldiers to breed before they died. Young folks were urged into sexual promiscuity in order that England's "chaste" womankind might have the *honor* of becoming unmarried mothers for the glory of Old England. To salve over the bridge of this sudden change in front, the English Government has taken the position that children born of the union of soldiers and their mistresses were as respectable as those born in "holy wedlock," and that the unmarried woman who became a mother had the same right to the care and attention of the state.

And so, suddenly, breeding legally, or without the law, has become respectable,

honorable, desirable—to the Great Owners of the European nations now at war.

This is the morality of Capitalism—what it needs is *right* and noble; the actions opposed to its supremacy, its growth, its security are *bad* and vicious.

When the rising merchants of Europe travelled from one country, or one part of a country, to another, in the eighteenth century, it was counted a brave and gallant deed for the servants of the nobles or for the noblemen themselves to fall upon and rob them of all they possessed. Thieving was a most honorable profession, and the most successful hold-up man wore the biggest plume in his hat.

Today it is considered clever and praiseworthy for those on the Inside to juggle the stock markets, in any portion of the civilized world, and deliberately to steal the wealth of the Outsiders. It is the wolves of Wall Street who dine with the Roosevelts and the Tafts. The Lambs are the weak and foolish who have been shorn. This is "good" capitalist ethics. It enables the stronger owners of wealth to rob the weaker owners—legally.

But it has always been considered highly immoral for workingmen, out of employment, to steal clothing to protect themselves from the cold, or to take food to preserve life. It is immoral for poor men to steal because—from the viewpoint of the owners of the wealth of the world—such stealing is "bad" for them—it threatens their property.

In the old days when women were allowed more than one husband, just as today men may be perfectly respectable and possess half a dozen women, it was considered the right and proper thing. But when the growing property owners decided that the old, loose form of marriage had to go, in order to insure the *property* of the man descending to his children, the new morality was straightway endorsed by the Church. Wise Men taught the new morality and it was written upon the Law Books of the lands—just as everything that is needed by the Rich and the Strong—to protect them in their robbery, in their riches and in their strength, has always been made into laws and has always been endorsed by the Church and the Clergy.



As we run down the pages of history, we find that the paths of Morals make a very crooked line. One day we find the working class was taught one thing, taught to act in one way, because that sort of conduct was required in the interests of the Owners of Property. The next day we find the Masters teaching a new morality in accord with newly developed needs of *their own class*—ever changing rules of conduct, making new laws of morality, new codes of ethics of what was “right” and what was “wrong” *for the poor to do*—and all taught and enforced for the benefit of the Rich.

It is interesting to note how one day we were taught that robbery was immoral and the next day we were praised and paid and given high offices for perpetrating robbery on the most gigantic scale.

The nobility believed and taught the virtue in robbery only a few score of years ago; but when the Rich began to own vast cities, great railroads, valuable mines and factories, beautiful palaces—appropriated by the Rich from the labor of the Poor—the servants of the Rich, the Clergy, the Lawyers, the statesmen, the editors and the teachers, learned to teach the VIRTUE of HONESTY. They said nothing about the wrongs done the laborers when the product of their labor was taken from them by the Masters of the Earth, but they showed us how wicked it was for us to take back any of the wealth the Rich had taken from us.

The preachers said we would burn everlastingly if we stole; the lawyers and statesmen made laws that put us in prison if we laid hands upon the property the Rich had appropriated, and the teachers taught us to believe that decent people would rather starve than touch the property of the master class.

A refined and respectable carpenter who has built a score of homes, for other people, will freeze to death on the streets rather than enter one of those houses which he built but does not own. The honest and religious baker, who has made ten thousand loaves of bread, will starve quietly, decently and in a genteel manner before he will help himself to one of “his” loaves of bread.

You see how this helps out the Rich

man. If the starving workers decided that it was the RIGHT and MORAL thing for them to take over the homes they have built, the food and clothing they have made, they might actually force their way into the presence of Plenty and preserve themselves and their wives and children as useful members of society while disturbing the peace and luxury of the Rich, non-working class.

Now, you and I know we have been taught these things. We have been taught them as a PROTECTION to the POSSESSORS of the WEALTH *we have produced*.

But read the next page. See what the Masters of the Bread have to say since the war began. From pulpits, from the newspapers, from the colleges and stock exchanges, they and their servants are telling the workingmen to gather their guns and to march upon Germany or upon Belgium or France, to go to war in order to “preserve the lives of many workingmen and women.” On a sudden it is claimed that murder and robbery and destruction is a “right and proper” and noble thing. The men who go forth to fight and slay their neighbors across the border are brave men and heroes, are virtuous and patriotic!

Murder has become the highest and noblest of professions; robbery—not for bread for a starving man or woman, but for whole countries—for the zinc mines of Belgium, the gold mines of Africa, the untold wealth of China—robbery on the most gigantic scale the world has ever known—has been enthroned upon the height of heights. This is because the workingmen are being USED once more to fight the battles of the Owners of the great Countries now at war. They are to be again used, this time to capture the wealth of new lands, as well as old lands, for *the great property owners* of the warring nations of Europe.

And this robbery is a virtue; this murder extolled. The capitalist class tells us that this war is good and necessary for the preservation of many workingmen. They say murder and robbery and hold-ups are right and noble so long as they are to save the lives of many workingmen. It is only wicked to rob or steal

a loaf of bread to save the life of *one* workingman.

But these are lies. The war is not going to help the workers. The Master class has their paid servants filling the papers and the pulpits and the magazines with articles today to deceive the workers who are fighting and dying. The capitalist class has permitted the death of millions of workingmen and women and raised neither its voice nor its hand. It does not care to preserve us except when it *needs* us. And it needs the lives of its soldiers today in order that the strongest Capitalist Class of the strongest nation in Europe may reach out and grab millions of dollars' worth of wealth to add to its already overflowing coffers.

And so this Master Class tells us that the war is *our* war and that murder and robbery are holy things.

### Violence and the Laws

As soon as the owning class began to accumulate great wealth they began to put the soft pedal on *violence*. They, who had won their great lands, their rich mines, their harbors and privileges *through bloodshed and violence*, taught the working class to depend upon *legal* battles, because *they* made the laws, and knew that violence would always be a menace to their own security. For the *masses hold the power when it comes to hands or to arms*. And the college professors echoed the refrain and taught us that violence is a relic of barbarism, while the State, the Judges, and lawyers, the police and armies killed and imprisoned and punished the workers who refused to adopt the new *boss morality*.

But there is no institution, no custom, no law, no religion but bends the knee before the needs of the great Capitalists. Institutions are as changeable as the needs of the ruling classes change and evolve.

Violence that was "bad" yesterday has become "virtue" today. Though "the destruction of property" was "immoral" last week, it is greatly to be desired this week, provided we destroy the property of the Great Capitalist across the national boundary lines who is trying to prevent us from seizing his *spoils* for the Capitalist Class in our own nation.

If ten millions of workingmen should

dered their guns to take and hold England for the English workers, Germany for the German workers, France for the French laboring class, they would be called murderers, thieves, bandits, brigands, traitors. They are only praised when they follow the flag to steal zinc mines for the German Capitalist Class, or African possessions for the English Owning Class.

Men are decorated with the Iron Cross, are given titles, and high positions, who invent war machines capable of destroying whole cities, entire armies, and vast industries for the benefit of a *great capitalist group* of one nation at the expense of the great capitalist group of another nation. This kind of *violence* and murder is rewarded with the highest honors, is wreathed in a halo of virtuous verbiage—*because* it serves the interest of the *strongest owning group of a particular nation*.

And with the needs of the capitalists for more soldiers, the chastity of woman has ceased to be a virtue. Child-bearing has become the noblest of professions. Since there are too few husbands to go around, young girls are urged to become impregnated, to yield to the Army Boys and to become mothers of future sons for future armies.

Slavery was "ordained of God" said the preachers, the editors, the Governments and their laws, so long as the *owning* class needed slaves to work their land and perform their labor. It only became immoral when the strongest *owning* group discovered that wage-labor was more profitable to them than slave-labor.

Men guilty of minor offenses are sold into actual slavery by the *State officials* of *Florida* to the Turpentine Kings, at so much per head, because men cannot be hired for wages to endure the rigors, the agonies of a Turpentine camp. And so slavery flourishes today in America, under the banner of Church and State and Respectability, because it *fills a need* of the Capitalist Class in that part of the country.

So much for what is taught us in the name of morals. It matters not what evil we may do, to what hideous barbarity we may sink, to what ignominy



we may fall, so long as we burn, or rob, or murder *in the interests of the ruling class*, the great property owners of the world. All that we do will be garbed in the broad mantle of Patriotism, Heroism, Loyalty, *so long as we do not act in our own interests*, in the *interests of those who perform all the useful work of the world*.

To the Master Class, morality is solely a question of expediency. They have always used us to serve their interests and to fight their battles. But we are learning to understand the forces at work about us. We have learned that the com-

fort, the happiness, the welfare of the men and women who perform the world's work is the most important thing under the heavens.

And we are more and more setting ourselves to so unite the workers that they may arise in their great strength and take the world for themselves—to make of it a world wherein all may labor and all may enjoy, and where every healthy man and woman shall perform some useful function in society—shall enjoy the benefits of the Great Brotherhood of Labor!

## SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION

By UPTON SINCLAIR

I AM living on the "Mississippi Sound," and the physical wants of our family are being cared for by "Aunt Katharine," a negro ex-slave, who was my wife's "old mammy." How old she is no one knows; she was a grown woman at the time of the war. And the other day my wife came to me exclaiming, "I always declared that old woman was a witch! What do you think she said to me just now, washing the milk pails?" And she repeated the conversation which I am here setting down, word for word. In order that the significance of it may be appreciated, let me explain that the people who have constituted this old negro's "world" live in the dark ages so far as economic science is concerned. They are my relatives-in-law, and very nice people in many ways; but so far as concerns exploitation and the class-struggle, there is no depth of ignorance which the reader can conceive which will be as deep as the reality in their minds. So that the following has come straight out of that old black skull:

"Miss Ma'y, I done make up my mind I'se glad I ain't rich. Dey ain't none of de rich folks is happy. I'se an old woman, an' I done worked hard all my life, an' now I got nothin,' an' still got to work. To be sho' I done spent a lot o' money on dem no-count boys o' mine, but dey's lots of rich folks got no-count chillun, and still dey don't have to work hard when dey's old. I been tryin' to figger

it out, an' it's like dis: It ain't right how people makes de money. You say dere's some work to be did, an' I say I'll do it fo' two dollars; I say it's wuth two dollars. But den I goes an' I hires some nigger to do it fo' one dollar. He's willin' to do it fo' one dollar, but still it's wuth two dollars, and he ought to have dat other dollar; but he don't git it—I keeps it, and so I gits rich. Dat's de way it is, Miss Ma'y—I done figgered it out one day, washin' de glasses. I'se a old nigger—you know I was a co'n-fiel' nigger, Miss Ma'y, an' I can't count up very far, but I kin count up to two, an' I knows dat nigger ought to have dat other dollar. Dese here niggers roun' here is a triflin' lot, an' de Lord on'y knows how anybody'd make 'em work any other way, but still it's true de white folks is robbin' 'em right along, an' dey ain't got de sense to figger out how it is. But here's what I been thinkin,' de folks dat gits it ain't happy wid it. You take de Colonel's chillun, dey's ready to scratch each other's eyes out over his money. It seems like dey git de habit of robbin' de niggers, an' dey can't help tryin' it on each other. So dat's why I'se glad I'se po,' even if I does have to work when I'se old."

Here, you see, is the whole theory of exploitation and the class-struggle sprouting by itself inside one old black skull. And yet there are people who ask us if the negro will ever understand Socialism!

# TURPENTINE

*Impressions of the Convicts' Camps of Florida*

By MARC N. GOODNOW

Reprinted by Courtesy of The Survey.



JACK, LEADER OF THE HOUNDS.

THE huge pine forest, its cool shadows interlacing across a ground growth of palmetto stubble, afforded a tranquil retreat to a lonely wayfarer that Sunday morning. The pungent aroma of fresh resin was exhilarating. Palmetto leaves playing against each other in the light spring breeze and a distant, mournful baying of hounds were the only sounds that broke the stillness.

Suddenly the baying of hounds grew near and raucous; every tree became a sounding-board—a voice in itself. Nearer and nearer came a great scuffling and crunching. A man plowed his way through the mat of dead leaves, grass and pine needles—a Negro running head-

long, his face burnished with sweat, casting furtive glances over his shoulder. On his body was the flannel garb of a convict.

For a moment the swift impression of witnessing an escape flashed through the spectator's brain, but there was not the slightest chance of that. The dogs were beating through the palmetto growth like an avalanche down a mountain side—six of them, their dilated nostrils scenting the ground every few leaps, tongues hanging dry from their vicious mouths.

Great drops of sweat flooded the receding forehead of the hunted black; sweat glued his striped shirt to his muscle-taut body; to one foot clung a coarse shoe; his trousers were torn and frayed from contact with sharp palmetto leaves



and wet and sticky with the ooze of a nearby swamp.

He swept one last look across his shoulder. Then, with an agility surprising to see in a body seemingly spent from long pursuit, the black arms shot up, the legs came up under the thick trunk, and the Negro in one giant, primitive spring, had landed six or seven feet up the stock of a virgin pine—straddling it as a gorilla would a grapevine—and “shinned” on up to a place well beyond the reach of the dogs.

Almost in the same instant a hound pup sprang even higher up the tree and fell back savagely, not once taking his hungry, fire-shot eyes from the crouching form above. In another instant the entire canine detachment had surrounded the tree, baying furiously.

A shout arose as three husky young men, mounted upon horses and wearing large black slouch hats, with long barreled pistols protruding from their hip pockets, swept up in full pace. They dismounted, leashed the dogs, and led them back through the woods. When they had reached a safe distance, the black, with the hunted look still on his face, crept down and shambled after.

It was only the usual Sunday morning practice, the rehearsal of the hounds—professional convict-trailers—from a nearby turpentine camp manned by forty Negro convicts, sold body, mind and soul, to the distiller of turpentine for the sum of \$400 apiece per annum. And this usual Sunday morning rehearsal took place, not as you might suppose, in South America or Zanzibar, or Mexico, but in the state of Florida!

Of course, dogs must needs be kept in practice; disuse might dull the keenness of their sense of smell. It is a practical application of the theory that men and animals alike lose the talents which they do not improve. A “cracking” good hound dog in a convict camp is a much more fit object for the pride of officials than the black man who dips pitch or scrapes resin and toils in palmetto scrubs and swamps, wet to his shoulders and ill with pneumonia, rheumatism or consumption!

There is small fear that the Negro who plays the role of escaped convict will escape. His trail is only an hour or two

cold, so the hounds pick it up easily and follow rapidly. Yet, who knows but that the hunted creature of that balmy Sunday morning, shot forward blindly in a mad desire to escape the punishment meted out to him in the midst of a wilderness of pine forest and infested swamps, might not have been bent actually upon no “make-believe” escape? At any rate, the officers and guards did not inquire after the health of the convict at the end of the chase; they only patted the dogs’ heaving ribs and stroked their heads in appreciation.

This particular chase I witnessed two years ago. It was then a weekly custom in each of the thirty-one convict camps of the state of Florida. Since then some of these camps have gone out of existence and the state has made a beginning in humane consideration of its prisoners. But other camps were given a new lease of life and are still running. While the light of a new day is dawning in the penology of Florida, the conditions now to be described and the spirit back of them, still play a dominant part in the treatment of convicts not only in Florida, but throughout a large portion of the South.

Along the homeward trail through the pine woods that Sunday morning, horses, riders, hounds and Negro lengthened out in caravan-like twists. A mile’s tramp brought the party to a clump of white-washed, rough board buildings squatted in the white sand close to a railroad. From a distance the largest building had the appearance of a warehouse or a stable surrounded by a high board fence or stockade. It was a story and a half high, thrice as long as its width, with windows along the sides heavily barred.

At two opposite corners of the high stockade were rudely constructed platforms sheltered by as rude a roof of pine boards. Beneath these shelters sat two young men lazily smoking cigarettes, their long-barreled pistols beside them.

Near the railroad was the camp store, or commissary. Inside another enclosure was a small, one-story shack from one end of which a cloud of smoke issuing, proclaimed the kitchen. Farther back in the same enclosure was another shack, open on three sides, and a pig pen.

In the middle of the sandy yard stood



A FLORIDA CONVICT CAMP IN THEIR SUNDAY CLOTHES.

a well, fed from surface water and the excess of the bayou more than a mile away. There were no trees, no grass, no shade of any kind, nothing but hot white sand and a few stumps.

A lean, swarthy man of thirty-five years, wearing the ubiquitous black slouch hat, and known by the official title of Captain, welcomed me as a visitor, and announced that dinner would be ready shortly. Until then we might inspect the camp.

#### Working Squads.

The convicts are worked in three or four squads, each in charge of one or two guards and several dogs. One squad may box virgin trees, another dip fresh pine pitch, another scrape third-year trees, another pull fourth-year trees, and another back-box older trees that are sufficiently large to yield still more resin.

The work is so arranged that the squads arrive at a certain stage of their rounds on certain days of the week. The entire territory is covered between early Monday morning and Friday night or Saturday noon. But it is constant and

heavy work. A soft pitch is gathered from the open face of the blazed tree from March to October. From October to March, the gum must be scraped or pulled from the tree. The still, in which the gum and pitch are distilled into spirits of turpentine, is located near the camp and is kept supplied by teamsters and their wagons. A barrel of soft pitch produces approximately ten gallons of spirits of turpentine. In a single charge of ten barrels of scrapings, or gum, there are about six barrels of resin and two barrels of spirits. The stills run two charges a day ordinarily, and produce from 100 to 120 gallons of turpentine in one charge.

"Sunday mornin' the men spend in cleanin' up, takin' a bath, and changin' clothes," drawled the captain, as the big gate of the stockade swung open and a growing pile of soiled, striped flannel garments became conspicuous. Here was the unique sight of a score of nude convicts, exchanging soiled garments for fresher ones. Their glistening bodies were burnished bronze in the strong sunlight and their huge, knotted muscles played under the skin like great cables.



"The odor won't be very pleasant," added the captain as he led the way to the bunkhouse and mess-room, "but it is more the smell of disinfectant than anything else."

The interior of the building was even more crude as a place in which to live than the exterior as a means of shelter. No attempt had been made to "finish" the building, as craftsmen would say; that is, to ceil, or plaster, or remove the bare effect of finished rafters and boards. A barricade of heavy timbers set vertically from floor to roof formed a partition between mess-room and sleeping quarters. Next to the only door of the building, was a small cage built of heavy timbers and furnished with a small heating stove and a chair for the guard who kept night watch over the forty sleeping convicts.

Two zinc-covered tables to the right of the entrance formed the dining-room tables; boxes and broken chairs formed the seats. In a corner close by stood a sink and basin where the dishes were washed. Only dishes, pans, and spoons are used inside this stockade. There are no knives or forks (except for warden and guards). Fingers were made first; besides, knives and forks are much too ugly as weapons in a quarrel.

In the same room, at the corner farthest from the door, were two cracked porcelain-lined tubs set in a space not screened off but merely surrounded by torn wire netting. Several more broken chairs and boxes and a heating stove within a wooden pen, completed the furniture and equipment of the mess-room. On one wall hung an illumination of the ten commandments, and several illustrated psalms. On another wall hung the rules and regulations of the state prison authorities, almost too black from soot and grime to be deciphered. Except for these wall decorations, there was no evidence anywhere of any reading matter.

The bunk-room was a long, low compartment filled with iron beds supporting filthy mattresses. The floor was bare and reasonably clean, and the entire interior smelled strongly of a mixture of formaldehyde and other disinfectants.

"The beds are a bit old," was the explanation volunteered, "but we've made a requisition for new ones. We disinfect every other day and scrub the floor every morning. Sunday morning, of course, the men always take their time about things."

In the mess-room the prisoners were singing and laughing and telling jokes. In one corner a black figure was just



BUNKHOUSE AND STOCKADE.



TWO BATHS FOR TWO HUNDRED CONVICTS.



BUNK HOUSE FOR THE CONVICTS.

emerging from his "tub;" in another, the rattle of tin and granite dishes told of preparations for dinner.

### The Vaudeville Troupe.

"Where's Charlie Jackson?" called the Captain, and two barefooted men sham-bled off to find Jackson. Presently the most genial smile one ever saw peered around the jamb of the door and a slender young Negro of thirty years shuffled into the room.

"Charlie," said the Captain, "let's have a little harmonizin'."

"Yassah, boss," he smiled, and forth-with assembled his troupe of vaudeville entertainers. Charlie disappeared for a moment and returned in his theatrical rigging of false whiskers, crooked cane, corn-cob pipe, straw hat, and a bend in his back which, with one arm akimbo, proclaimed him old Uncle Eph in the original skit "The Old Plantation." Eph had returned after forty years' absence to see his "ole mammy and the chillun." Mammy Liza was enacted by a young buck with a bandana tied about his head and falling over his shoulders.

In the midst of this skit, in which Uncle Eph referred to his children generally as "big hunks o' midnight," and in which each was letter perfect, they all broke into the song, "Pickin' Cotton," which was the cue for "buck and wing" dancing. Each of the seven indulged in his own brand of dancing and executed steps one never saw before—in shoes and barefoot. Some one pitched a quarter to the floor and the antics of the dancer in picking up the coin threw the observers into fits of laughter. Then followed a series of plantation and camp-meeting

songs and hymns by another set of singers—curiously enough, the most vicious men in the camp, it was said.

"Almost every night it's just like this," said a guard. "They go over this stuff time and again. They gave a minstrel show last Christmas and made quite a lot of money from the visitors."

"Don't they do it largely to forget they are here?"

"All their singing and dancing wouldn't make them forget that," answered the guard with a significant glance. "But after the first three or four months, the tragedy wears off and they get to be like the fellows who have been here for years. It's the man who first comes to one of these camps that broods and gets sullen and is always thinking of getting away. That's the dangerous time, when he has to be watched, and about the only time when he tries to break camp. I could almost tell you how long every man has been in this stockade simply by the look on his face."

Outside in the open area between the building and the fence, beyond which no one except a trusty might go, there was an odor of meat boiling in a kettle set over a small fire. Hovering over the fire was a man in stripes, holding a granite dish in one hand and stirring the contents of the pot with the other, and intoning something about "dat ole swamp 'possum an' yam tater." And then as if by the magic of his words, he drew out a great yellow potato as well as the leg bone of a 'possum, truly the greatest gastronomic delight of the Negro.

"That's the nigger the dogs chased this morning," said a guard.





A HOLIDAY TIDBIT—"SWAMP" POSSUM AND YAM 'TATER

Certainly he was enjoying himself now, however great the strain of the morning might have been.

In another corner of the yard, a dozen men were engaged in shaping and smoothing long pine poles for use in pitch gathering. Charlie Jackson had come away from his vaudeville within and was now laboriously turning the crank of a grindstone while one of his co-workers sharpened the end of a three-cornered file for use in the woods.

All the men were in their barefeet; feet, too, that were swelled and misshapen almost beyond recognition. They were spread out, broken down, cut, gouged, blistered and scratched; and the nails of many of their toes were gone. It is hard to imagine what comfort such feet will ever find in the shoes of civilized society when release from prison conditions finally comes.

"Niggah's dat fust comes heah," said Charlie's mate at the grindstone, "what ain't use' to bein' on dey feet, gits fagged easy an' hit mek dey feet swell up sump-tin' awful, boss. Dat's why dey all goes barefoot in de stockade an' roun' camp. Dey shoes ain't big enough foh dey feet. Mine doan swell no mo.'"

One could see that easily enough; they had already reached their limit.

### Doodle's Kitchen

Few American housewives would put up with such conditions as were found in Doodle's kitchen, to which the captain and visitor and several guards now went for dinner. Doodle was a wiry little cook with a genial and continual smile, but he had not been schooled in domestic science. On one corner of this unique culinary establishment was a rude stove of bricks with a metal strip across the top. In another corner was a barrel of flour and a bread board; and finally, a chest containing supplies.

There was no flooring; the kitchen was carpeted only with a soft layer of sand. Through the open door strolled at will two huge Berkshire hogs and any of the six or seven dogs that happened to smell something they liked. The dining-room adjoined the front of the kitchen.

The meal consisted of stewed tomatoes, boiled rice with tomatoes, soggy cornbread, leaden biscuits and fried chipped beef. Cream for coffee came from condensed milk cans, fly-specked and rusty. The knives and forks were encrusted with a thick coating of rust which made contact with one's teeth the equivalent of excruciating toothache and produced a form of nausea. The beef was well cooked, though it was too strongly seasoned with sand to make an appropriate viand for a Broadway cafe.

The state report catalogues the following as the diet of the prisoners:

"Good bacon, meal, flour, grits, rice, peas, white potatoes, onions, beans, syrup, coffee, vegetables. In addition, prisoners are served twice a week with fresh beef, pork, or fish for a change. On Thanksgiving, Christmas and July 4, when there is no work, they have chicken, turkey, pork, pies, cakes and all kinds of fruits."

A tempting menu. But this is what the convicts tell you they get: "Three biscuits and a piece of meat for breakfast; biscuits or cornbread and meat for dinner in the woods; biscuits, meat and beans for supper. The meat is generally salt pork, sometimes bacon or fresh pork. And beans till you can't rest."

Being able, however, to catch raccoons or opossums and to buy the big sweet potatoes or yams, the convicts often feast

in the stockade at no expense to the lessee.

### At Baseball

When two o'clock came there were twenty men in line at the gate ready to file out for a game of baseball. The yard man counted each one as he came through and checked off his name on a list. Two guards carrying rifles walked just ahead.

The game—there were six innings of it—was uproarious. It was crude, of course, but full of life, each side bantering and joking with the other over an error or a "strike-out." And the pitchers invariably yelled that old cry of "judgment!" after each pitched ball.

Only the catcher and first baseman wore gloves. These were fashioned from hemp sacking, stuffed with straw and rags. The rough diamond was covered with palmetto roots and stubble; yet most of the men played in their bare feet, and they were fleet runners, too. But they were ready to quit at the end of the sixth inning, and marched back to the stockade under guard.

After the game I shared my seat on a log with a guard. "Jack" and "Scrap," two of the "dogs of war," followed and flopped down before us.

"They're lazy looking pups," I suggested.

"Yes," he smiled, "till they get on the trail."

"Then its serious business, eh?"

"I should reckon. They don't allow no one to mess around 'em. They're tired now; had a two-mile chase this mornin'."

"Would they have torn up that black this morning if they had gotten him?"

"They sure would. We train most of them just to follow the scent and keep a barkin' after they've treed him; but Scrap there, goes right after his man. The other dogs would jump in, too, if Scrap got the fellow before he shinned a tree."

"But Scrap's only a cur dog," he continued after a pause. "Can't keep full bred blood-hounds in this country; they get sick and die. All our pack here is nothin' but plain cur dogs. But they follow a scent as well as a blood-hound. Scrap got after a white fellow just yester-

day and was chewing up his leg when I got to him."

He spat a stream of tobacco juice beyond the dog's body and stroked Scrap's head reflectively:

"If I had my choice," he added, "between dogs and guns, I'd take the dogs every time. There'd be twice as many escapes round here if there wasn't any dogs."

"And do the dogs always track down the fugitive?"

"They do if there is any scent at all. When the nine men broke out of the back end of the stockade last year while the guard—he was hard of hearing—went out to ring the night bell, they got about three hours start before we knew they were gone. Three of our picked dogs chased them for miles. They never were captured. The dogs died a few days later from the effects of the chase; too much exertion, I s'pose. Two men got out later, but the dogs treed them."

From the total of 1,421 state prisoners "on hand" in Florida, January 1, 1912, 516 of whom had been committed the previous year, there were in all 96 escapes. Just 47 of this number were captured and returned. The company which leased them lost the \$400 invested in each escaped convict.

Seven convicts died in this camp in a single year from diseases contracted from standing or working in water around their waists at all seasons of the year. There were no funeral services. The local carpenter throws together a rude coffin of pine boards; the black, inert hulk is rolled into a blanket, dropped in the box, nailed up and carted to the burying-ground—mourned, perhaps, by a disgraced mammy who may have raised the future governor of a state.

July and August, the rainy season in Florida, are the worst months of the year for ague, chills, fever, pneumonia and the like. Then it rains almost every day and the water floods the country.

"Dat's de time when it gits yo," said a convict in a whisper. "Mah Gawd, men, hit's sho' awful, standin' in watah an' runnin' all day long in the wet grass up to yo' waist. Why, man, Ah's got a lump in mah chist right now as big as



yo' fist. Every man in this heah camp has got sumpin' the matter of him."

In 1910, Governor Gilchrist considered twenty deaths among 1,781 prisoners a low rate, because "so many are diseased before entering the camps." He also declared "at least 75 per cent of the colored prisoners have syphilis in some of its stages."

Few men are sent to these camps on short terms. It isn't profitable to the sublessees to have them, for the cost of keeping a prisoner is figured at \$2 a day, and constant changing increases the cost and interferes with the work. But even though it pays \$400 a year for each convict, in addition to nearly \$750 a year for his upkeep, the camp mentioned here made a profit of \$25,000 on distilled turpentine and resin in 1912. If there is any loss in earnings from the year to year, it is generally the pine trees that are at fault and not the men who work under the task system. Their stint for the day or week is about the same, rain or shine, sick or well. The treatment, of course, depends very largely upon the captain, who sometimes has an interest in the business.

### Keeping Order

My host, the captain, was a slender, wiry fellow who, one could see at a glance, was accustomed to overseeing Negroes. He showed a certain quiet reserve of manner, but an unmistakable force. There was a catlike stealthiness, springiness, about him even in moments of repose, that gave one a kind of wonder, when he discussed the treatment of prisoners.

"Tisn't necessary to handle the men roughly, except when they get incorrigible or commit some act that requires punishment," he said with a typical drawl. "Yes, we use a strap; but not very much. I don't have much trouble."

My mind reverted to the picture which the tales of people who lived close to this camp had conjured up for me, of Negroes yelling for mercy while being flogged: "Oh, Captain—, I'll be good. I'll be good, Cap'n. Please don't beat me no more, Cap'n."

No one who has seen that strap—a heavy leather lash four inches wide, with

a thick handle—could have any difficulty in picturing a prisoner prone upon the floor receiving full punishment at the hands of a broad-shouldered guard of even from the lithe, wiry captain himself.

"Of course," observed the captain, "there are some things about a convict camp that are best not talked about."

In confidence he told of an instance just that week in which a Negro had refused to work. The captain was on the point of shooting the fellow for insubordination, he said, but changed his mind and only knocked him down three times with the butt of his revolver, as the prisoner rushed at him. Refusal to work, induced frequently by other things than sheer laziness, forms the basis for a large part of the punishment.

A trusty at the turpentine still seemed to voice the inevitability of the thing when he said: "We all gets pretty good treatment, boss. 'Cose, Cap'n, he drives pretty hard, an' a man gits sick oncet in awhile, boss; but then that doan mek no difference 'roun' heah—dey all jes works 'bout de same, nohow."

All prisoners are worked on the task system, and if they finish their work on Friday evening or early Saturday morning, they have the balance of the week in which to rest. This system, inspectors say, has been the means of getting good work out of the men without punishment. But there are many camps where there is entirely too much punishment, where the wardens and guards are not at all suited to their positions. Thus does the state delegate to thirty or more wardens or captains and six or seven times as many guards, the very important feature of punishing its prisoners.

The captain draws \$150 a month; the guard draws \$25 a month—\$35 if he has a horse. The life they are compelled to lead drives them to excessive drinking as well as to gambling and other questionable practices. One of these captains was a part owner of the still and business, and allowed the prisoners to work overtime, for which they were paid. Then, because of his fondness for gambling, he compelled the prisoners to gamble with him, and in that way won back all the overtime he

had paid out. These practices exist despite the fact that the warden or captain is an officer of the law, as much as is a county sheriff.

In addition, there is the "private pardon" system, operated by a firm of lawyers who for \$25 will start proceedings to secure a pardon. It is always the great hope of the man who goes to prison; he thinks he is innocent; he is sure his case was not presented properly in the first place. Perhaps the case is started, applications filed and other legal overtures made. Then, another payment of \$25 is necessary to carry the proceedings on farther. There is another period of overtime work or appeals to relatives by mail and the second installment is sent on.

Sometimes a pardon does come; that is why the scheme is so well and faithfully patronized by men who wear the stripes. But what chance is there for the average prisoner? Of the 1,821 prisoners in 1911, the state report shows that only 37 were pardoned. Of a total of 1,928 prisoners during 1912, 60 were pardoned.

When you cut or burn your finger and run to the medicine cabinet for a bottle of spirits of turpentine, you seldom stop to think of the way in which this medicine is gathered; how much more of pain it involves than the pain which you seek to allay by its use; what bodily and mental travail; what cost in human life; what degradation of a great and beautiful state merely for the sake of a few paltry dollars—the continuation, in fact, of a slavery even blacker in its sin than that before the war.

At the time of my visit to this camp, 1,800 or more convicts were leased by the state of Florida to one company—the Florida Pine Company—for the sum of \$323.84 per convict annually and in turn subleased by the company to the individual turpentine distillers operating the 31 convict camps of the state for the sum of \$400 a year apiece. Thus the Florida Pine Company was collecting the tidy little sum of about \$76 per annum per man upon the labor of between 1,400 and 1800 convicts—a total of perhaps \$125,000 a year. This company paid to the state in 1912 for the use of

convicts \$307,116.48.<sup>1</sup> The arrangement was so satisfactory and profitable to both parties that the lease was renewed in 1909 for a period of four more years; and on January 1, 1914, a number of leases were renewed for two years.

But what does the convict get out of it?

Nothing but a whitewashed stockade, work the year round in all kinds of fever and weather, punishment with a leather strap for infraction of rules or lagging at work, no energy left for overtime work even if he were paid for it, and no money for those who may be dependent upon him.

This is what Florida—and in greater, or lesser degree a score of other states—gives these men in return for the more than \$300,000 worth of labor they annually produce.

This is the opinion also of the Commissioner of Agriculture, in whose department convict labor is placed. He asks in his report: "What has the state done for the convict?" and answers his own question by saying: "Nothing. But we have taken the money from his labor and have appropriated and used the same for every known purpose except one—the betterment of his unfortunate condition."

Until 1914 the state owned not a single prison building, stockade, hospital, or any other equipment. All these belonged to the lessee or sublessee companies. There is a system of state inspection, which seems never to have had any effect upon the type of buildings, or to have been used for any real reform in prison practice. The whole idea of the camp's local government is to get out the full run of turpentine or lumber; the previous record is always before its eyes.

As thousands of pine trees lose their productiveness each year and are cut down for lumber, it is no longer profitable to operate some of these camps. Several went out of existence when the four-year lease expired on January 1, 1914. Scores of convicts have since been turned back to the state or released for some other work.

<sup>1</sup>During the thirty-two years in which the convict has been leased by the state, the state has received a total of \$2,722,620.14.



The Florida legislature passed a law in the summer of 1913, the provisions of which are now going into effect and change the traditional convict system in some respects. A state prison farm is established in Bradford county. The law provided that on January 1, 1914, or as soon thereafter as possible, all women convicts, infirm male convicts, and all convicts classed as hospital subjects should be placed on this farm, "to be used as the Board of Commissioners of State Institutions may direct."

The bill permitted county commissioners to apply on or before August 15, 1913, for able-bodied convicts to be used on public roads. It required the counties to "guard, clothe, feed, maintain and give medical attention" to these convicts, and to pay the state ten dollars per convict per month. The state makes rules and regulations for the working of convicts by counties and may withdraw convicts from any county not living up to these rules.

All able-bodied convicts not set apart for this use were directed to be leased to private lessees by January 1, 1914. These leases, limited to two years, are now running. The convicts cannot be subleased.

The bill provided that after January 1, 1914, all new prisoners should be placed on the state farm, except that able-bodied ones could be delivered to private lessees or to counties, to replace those whose sentences might have expired or who might have become hospital subjects.

But it is to be hoped that Florida will not take too great pride in this beginning. There are already evidences that leading citizens are content with this step, and are inclined to resent any suggestion that Florida is not in the forefront of humanitarian care for those who have broken her laws. No legislation of the last thirty-two years provides either for their learning a useful occupation by which they could live upon coming away, or for their earning in prison even a small sum with which to aid in the support of their families or others dependent upon them.

When the intelligent, educated and refined people of a state sanction, year after year, the sale of their convicts and the

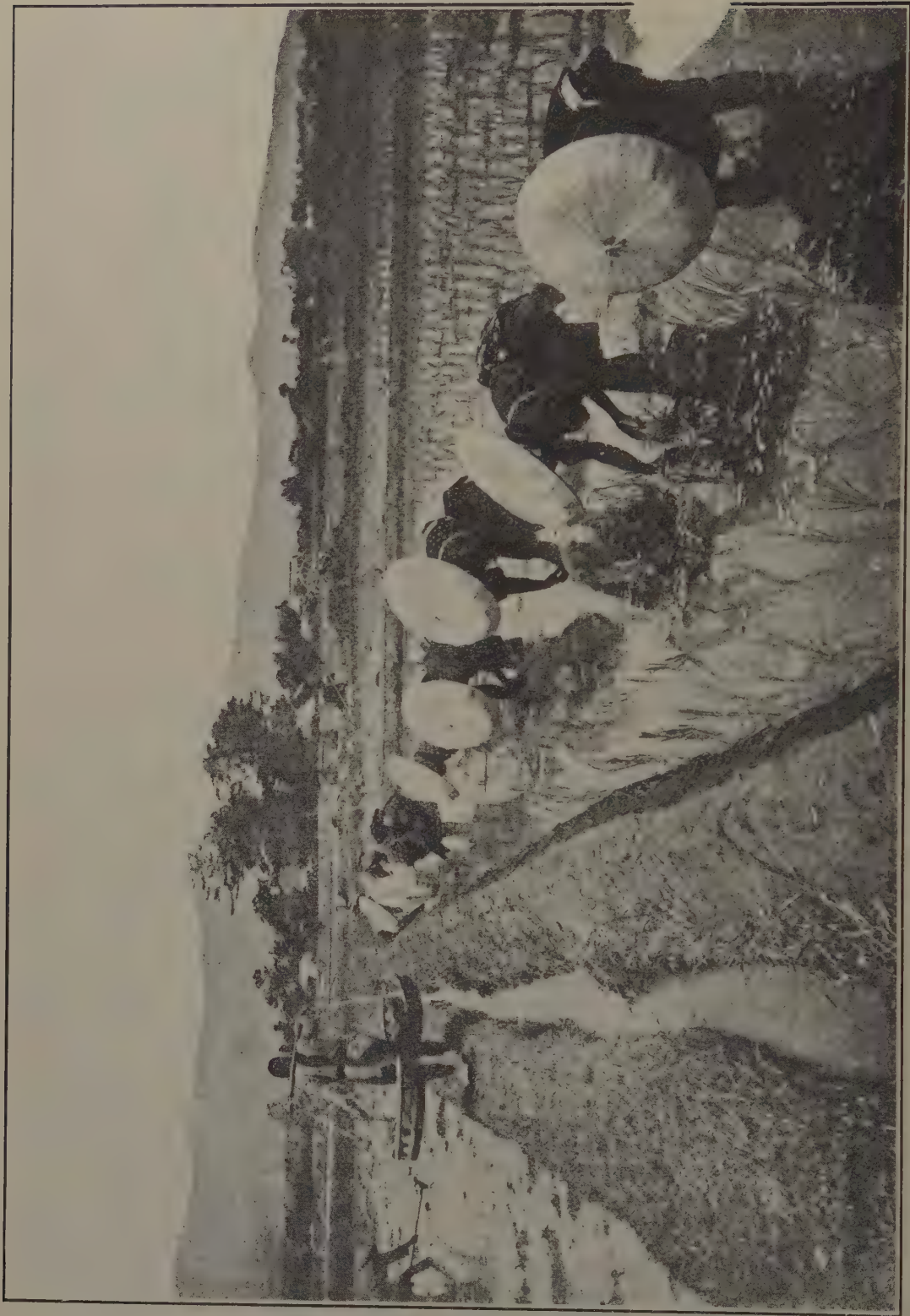
practice of such customs as prevail in some of these camps, what can one expect from the uneducated and uncultured men who, through political maneuvering, achieve positions of public trust and are then expected to keep in the forefront of modern thought?

And under this county lease system every sheriff will devise his own methods of treatment and punishment. In some of the counties, where road vans are used when the prisoners work away from their base of supplies, the best treatment that can be offered a convict is a punishment. Either he sleeps in a tent with ball-and-chain shackled to his ankles or he is locked within an iron cage that has stood all day in a baking, semi-tropical sun. Men in the turpentine camp have told me they would rather be confined where they were, than to try to sleep in these hideous road vans—commonly used in Georgia—packed in like sardines, with fifteen or twenty other men. Governor Gilchrist said that this sort of cage was worse even than an animal's cage, for in the latter only one animal is compelled to sleep.

Just look through the glass walls of that small vial of turpentine in your medicine cabinet and recall the story of the liquid particles. See those hundreds of ebony faces, burnished by the sweat of fever and disease; the striped bodies wet to the waist with dead and stagnant waters, half-running at their tasks from the rising of the sun till the falling of night; the swollen, misshapen clubs that once were feet and that probably will never again rest within a shoe that fits; the prone black figure writhing under the biting lash of a leather thong! See them dance and sing, more like puppets than human beings! Above all, watch the half-dozen, blood-hungry hounds, beating and baying through the pine woods in Sunday morning pursuit!

The mere shifting of masters, without a shift in the fundamental attitude toward prisoners, cannot free Florida from the shame of this traditional and continuing treatment of her prisoners.

Does all this appeal to her as being the way to reform men who have committed an error and who, after paying their debt to the state ten times over, are to be turned back into society?



TOILERS IN THE RICE FIELDS.



# THE JAPANESE FARMER

By MARION WRIGHT

THE Japanese tiller of the soil can run rings around any American in the business, and he has even the expert gardeners of European countries discounted. It may be said to be physically impossible for any white man to develop the infinite patience, the painstaking thoroughness and attention to detail so essential to success shown by the little brown man in the field. Short of leg and body, with the squatting position a natural one, the native of Nippon fits in the field with his tiny hand hoe. Owners of California berry land report 100 per cent more profit from their land when leased to Japanese than when worked by white men. A Jap will take an acre of garden and make a living for himself and family, where a white man would starve on three acres.

The agriculture of Japan is often referred to as "handkerchief farming," but the business of tilling the soil in Japan is petty only in the sense that the individual farms are tiny. Japan cultivates fifteen millions of acres, and they are cropped twice, thrice and even four times annually. That the harvests are abundant may be inferred from the fact that fifty millions of people obtain their principal subsistence from the crops borne by these millions of "pocket handkerchief" farms, many of which have been under cultivation for over two thousand years. So intensely and intelligently have these fields been cultivated that they produce the principal food supply for three persons on each acre cultivated.

Twenty centuries of intensive farming must of necessity breed a race of farmers, and Japan has the breed. The tiller of the soil in that country is accorded a higher social position than in any other, the farmer ranking above the artisan and tradesman. This distinction dates from many years back, when the art of farming began to be patronized by the nobility, the scholars and the wise men of the empire, who perhaps wisely realized

that unless the farmers were encouraged the nation would eventually starve. But it is not alone in empty social honors that the Japanese farmer is rewarded. About forty years ago the imperial government realized that much as its people knew about farming, it would be wise to find out what the most advanced nations of the Occident knew also. And with characteristic Japanese thoroughness, the government set about finding out. Hundreds of her brightest young students were sent to the United States and to Europe to study the latest scientific truths about the farm, returning to their native land to become teachers. The farmer became a direct ward of the government, with an agricultural bank and government aid in organizing co-operative benefit societies. Extensive experiment farms and stations were established and fostered in every way until at the present time Japan is far ahead of the United States in the interest taken by the authorities in the farmer and his welfare.

The farmers of Japan may be divided into four classes: The man who owns land, but who does not farm it. The independent farmer, or the man who owns his farm. The man who owns some land and rents some, and the renter.

First, we have the absentee landlord, the curse of this and every other civilized country. But, strange to say, he is comparatively unknown in Japan. Only a very small portion of the farming land of Japan is owned by the absentee landlord.

Of the agricultural workers, 33 per cent own their farms of from three to seven acres. About 40 per cent own an acre or two and rent a few acres more. Only 20 per cent are tenant farmers, these usually renting from an adjoining small farmer who has more land than he can use.

At best, the annual net income of the Japanese farmer is small, but he is given



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every aid and encouragement by the government. He is thus able to produce more, which is taken from him in higher taxes. He is much better off than his fellow workmen, as his job is sure and his children can attend school. Owing to governmental aid, 95 per cent of the rural Japanese children attend school nine or ten months of the year. Most of the small farmers carry on some side line, such as silk culture and manufacture and the weaving of straw braids and matting, materials for which they grow on the farm.

While the tiller of the soil in Japan knows very little of theoretical Socialism, it will be of interest to our people to learn that his business is so thoroughly organized that when the time is ripe and the germ sown, Socialism, practical, workable Socialism, can spread like the measles throughout the Kingdom of the Rising Sun. For instance, take the cry-

ing need of the American farmer—the government bank to advance money to farmers at a low rate of interest to move crops. This has long been a pet hobby of half-baked reformers and is a huge joke of the present administration, but is hardly past the lip stage in this country. In Japan there has been for years a central agricultural bank in Tokyo with a capital of \$5,000,000 and, no less than forty branches throughout the kingdom devoted to the needs of the farmer and lending him money AT LESS THAN 2 PER CENT for any of the following purposes:

Reclaiming of the land, irrigation, drainage, and improvement of the soil generally.

Construction and improvement of farm roads.

Settlement of newly reclaimed places.

Purchase of seeds, young plants, manure





WOMEN WINNOWING GRAIN.

and other materials needed in agriculture and industry.

Purchase of implements and machinery, boats, wagons and beasts for use in farming and manufacture.

Construction or repair of buildings for use in farming or manufacture.

Adjustment of farm lands.

Co-operative societies.

The bare idea, without its working clothes on, is enough to throw an American banker into an apoplectic fit, while some of our own pious and patriotic tillers of the soil regard this sort of thing as something which would surely "destroy the home."

The co-operative societies are established by law and are divided into (1) Credit Societies, to provide its members with the necessary funds to carry on their work; (2) Sales Societies; (3) Purchase Societies, to buy and sell to members such articles as are necessary to productive industries (4) Productive Societies, to put finish on articles produced by

members and to allow members use of articles necessary for production. Then there are the various "Staple Products" guilds, among which the Tea Guild is the most important. This guild reformed the sharp practices of tea merchants and brokers which had begun to give Japanese tea a bad name abroad.

It will be noted that these societies are established by law and therefore enjoy the direct patronage of the government. In other words, the imperial government stands in with the farmer as against the merchant and the middleman and takes from the farmer in taxes what the middleman and merchant in this country take as profit. The farmer is left to blow the little end of the horn in any case, and the world over. The advantage to Socialism in the Japanese system is that its farmers are so well organized and have proved the practical working value of co-operation for so many years, that they have only to be weaned away from the imperialistic idea of government

to be very near the principles of the Co-operative Commonwealth. They will not present the difficulties of the American farmer with his "Oh, they won't stick together! It can't be done! It won't work!" etc., etc.

The American farmers' unions and granges are growing stronger each year, but they are still lamentably incapable of coping with even the crudest tactics of the capitalists. The writer recalls a recent case of a prune growers' union in California. The crop was a banner one and members of the union swore by the sun and stars that they would hold their fruit for five cents. But they fell like school kids for one of the oldest and simplest tricks of the packers. These gentlemen had to but hire half a dozen loud-mouthed, well-dressed talkers and send them through the district, telling the farmers that hundreds of trains loaded with prunes were already on the way to California from Washington and Oregon, and that the packers could get more fruit than they could handle for

three cents, to bring every "loyal" member of the grange to their office, where he fell on his knees and offered up his crop at three and one-half. And this is only a repetition of what happens in every line of produce every year.

The Oriental is too wily to be stampeded. You have to show him. And while he is powerless to prevent the government shaking him down for all his excess change by taxation, he is able, by simply "standing together," a lesson which our people have yet to learn, to put the fixings on Messrs. Banker and Middleman.

The shrewd cunning of the priest, the capitalist and the soldier is shown in the following paragraph, expressing the philosophy of the Japanese farmer, and we can well imagine that all three had a hand in its composition and that it was handed to the tiller of the soil ready-made:

"—Some are and must be greater than the rest, more rich, more wise; but who



OLD JAPANESE GRAIN MILL.



infers from hence that such are happier shocks all common sense."

Search the above with a fine-toothed comb and you won't find a shred indicating that "the man who works is entitled to the full social value of the product of his work." It reads like a "filler" in a John D., Jr., Sunday school tract.

We have much to learn from the Jap-

anese farmer about patience and thoroughness in our work, and above all about co-operation, but at the same time let us try to change the working of his philosophy and the GERM of his philosophy so that he will add to its beautiful sentiments "THE LABORER IS ENTITLED TO THE FULL BENEFIT OF HIS TOIL."

## WILL WIN CALIFORNIA TRIP FOR ONE DOLLAR

ONE of our friends in Arkansas writes us that he has persuaded one hundred and five of his friends to subscribe to the REVIEW a year with the understanding that they draw lots to see who will be the lucky winner of our FREE TRIP TO THE WORLD'S FAIR.

This is a great idea. One hundred and five workingmen will receive twelve copies of the REVIEW (one a month for a year) and somebody will win the free trip. This comrade has found a new way to propagate socialism. He believes that the REVIEW alone is worth much more than a dollar a year in educational value to the working class, and he considers the California Trip a special inducement to get the boys together.

Of course, we ask our hustler friends at different points to send in varying numbers of REVIEW subscriptions to win the round trip ticket. Those who live in New York City send in 185 yearly subscriptions at the regular rate. Those who reside in Little Rock, Arkansas, need only send in 105 yearly or twice this number in six-month subs.

Every round trip ticket that we give away is FIRST CLASS, good for three months, up to a certain date, and includes stop-over privileges. The tickets do not include berths. One or two socialist speakers will take advantage of this offer and will plan routes along certain railroad lines where they will stop off to hold meetings, take subscriptions and sell literature.

State secretaries can co-operate with us in this way and send speakers through their states (by direct routes), in this way having railroad fares paid by the REVIEW.

One comrade in the Corn Belt has a plan to sell two hundred copies of the REVIEW every month for five months, remitting to us for them at the rate of 10 cents each. In this way he will turn over \$100 to the REVIEW and receive a free round trip ticket (first class) to San Francisco and back.

If you want to earn this trip, write us at once for sub. blanks and sample copies of the REVIEW, at the same time telling us of the best round trip rate offered by the railroads from your home to the Fair, and we will tell you how many subs. you will need to send in.

All bundles of the REVIEW sold at 10 cents each and paid for to us at this rate, will count as subs. on the Free Trip. For example, ten single copies sold at 10 cents each (\$1.00) will count as one yearly sub. Some comrades sell 500 copies every month, which they buy from us at the bundle rate. You can do as well.

If you cannot take enough subscriptions to make the whole trip, we will give you railroad fare in proportion to any other point and you can win a free vacation, or apply the mileage on your trip to California.

First in the field—first to win the trip! Start now. Address, California Trip Dept., Charles H. Kerr & Co., 341 E. Ohio St., Chicago, Ill.



OFF FOR THE HARVEST FIELDS.

## GATHERING THE GRAIN

By E. F. DOREE

**T**HE great, rich wheat belt runs from Northern Texas, through the states of Oklahoma, Kansas, Nebraska, South and North Dakota, into Canada, and not a few will point with pride to the fact that last year WE (?) had the largest wheat crop in the history of this country. But few are the people who know the conditions under which they work who gather in these gigantic crops. It is the object of this article to bring out some of these vital facts.

About the middle of June the real harvest commences in Northern Oklahoma and Southern Kansas. This section is known as the "headed wheat country," that is to say, just the heads of grain are cut off and the straw is left standing in the fields, while in the "bundle country" the grain is cut close to the ground and bound into sheaves or bundles.

In the headed grain country the average wage paid is \$2.50 and board per day, but in the very end of the season \$3 is sometimes paid, the increase due to the

drift northward of the harvest workers, who leave the farmers without sufficient help. This is not a chronic condition, as there are usually from two to five men to every job.

The board is average, although fresh meat is very scarce, salt meat being more popular with the farmer because it is cheaper. Most of the men sleep in barns, but it is not uncommon to have workers entering the sacred portals of the house. Bedding of some kind is furnished, although it is often nothing more than a buggy robe.

The exceedingly long work day is the worst feature of the harvesting so far as the worker is concerned. The men are expected to be in the fields at half past five or six o'clock in the morning until seven or half past seven o'clock at night, with from an hour to an hour and a half for dinner. It is a common slang expression of the workers that they have an "eight-hour work day"—eight in the morning and eight in the afternoon.

Most of the foreign-born farmers serve



a light lunch in the fields about nine o'clock in the morning and four o'clock in the afternoon, but the American farmers who do are indeed rare.

In this section the workers are sometimes paid so much per hundred bushels, and the more they thresh the more they get. On this basis they generally make more than "goin' wages,"\* but they work themselves almost to death doing it. No worker, no matter how strong, can stand the pace long; the extremely hot weather in Kansas proves unendurable. Twenty-five men died from the heat in one day last year in a single county in Kansas.

The workers threshing "by the hundred" must pay their board while the machine is idle, due to breakdown, rain, etc.

About the time that the headed grain is reaped the bundle grain in Central and Northern Kansas and Southern Nebraska is ready for the floating army of harvesters.

Here the wages range from \$2 to \$2.50 and board per day. They have never gone over the \$2.50 mark. Small wages are paid and accepted because thousands of workers are then drifting up from the headed wheat country and because of the general influx of men from all over the United States, who come to make their "winter's stake." This is about the poorest section of the entire harvest season for the worker. The following little story is told of the farmers of Central Nebraska:

"What the farmers raise they sell. What they can't sell they feed to the cattle. What the cattle won't eat they feed to the hogs. What the hogs won't eat they eat themselves, and what they can't eat they feed to the hired hands."

In Nebraska proper the farms are smaller, as a rule, than elsewhere in the harvest country and grow more diversified crops. Almost every farmer has one or more "hired men," and for that reason does not need so many extra men in the harvest, but in spite of this, the whole floating army marches up to get stung annually. Most of the "Army From No-

where" cannot get jobs and have a pretty hungry time waiting for the harvest farther north to be ready.

The farmers in South Dakota do not believe in "burning daylight," so they start the worker to his task a little before daybreak and keep him at it till a little after dark. If the farmer in South Dakota had the power of Joshua, he would inaugurate the twenty-four-hour workday.

The wages here range from \$2.25 to \$2.50 and board per day, while in isolated districts better wages are sometimes paid. A small part of the workers are permitted to spend the night in the houses, but most of them sleep in the barns. Sometimes they have only the canopy of the heavens for a blanket.

As soon as the harvest strikes North Dakota wages rise to \$2.75 or \$3.50 and board per day, the length of the workday being determined by the amount of daylight.

The improved wages are due to the fact that thousands of harvesters begin leaving the country because of the cold weather, and the fact that the farmers insist on the workers furnishing their own bedding. At the extreme end of the season wages often go up to as high as \$4.00 and board, per day.

The board in North Dakota is the best in the harvest country, which is not saying much.

In North and South Dakota no worker is sure of drawing his wages, even after earning them. Some farmers do not figure on paying their "help" at all and work the same game year after year. The new threshing machine outfits are the worst on this score, as the bosses very seldom own the machines themselves and, at the end of the season, often leave the country without paying either worker or machine owner.

This, however, is not the only method used by the farmers to beat the tenderfoot. In some cases the worker is told that he can make more money by taking a steady job at about \$35.00 a month and staying three or four months, the farmer always assuring him that the work will last. The average tenderfoot eagerly grabs this proposition, only to find that

\*"Goin' wages" is an expression used by the farmer in answer to the question, "What do you pay?" It really means the smallest wages paid in the country.



JUNGLE CAMP.

thirty days later, or as soon as the heavy work is done, the farmer "can no longer use him." There have been many instances where the worker has kicked at the procedure and been paid off by the farmer with a pickhandle.

The best paying occupation in the harvest country is "the harvesting of the harvester," which is heavily indulged in by train crews, railroad "bulls," gamblers and hold-up men.

Gamblers are in evidence everywhere. No one has to gamble, yet it is almost needless to say that the card sharks make a good haul. Quite different is it, though, with the hold-up man, for before him the worker has to dig up and no argument goes. This "stick-up" game is not a small one, and hundreds of workers lose their "stake" annually at the point of a gun.

As is the rule with a migratory army the harvesters move almost entirely by "freight," and here is where the train crews get theirs. With them it is simply a matter of "shell up a dollar or hit the dirt." Quite often union cards are recognized and no dollar charged, and the worker is permitted to ride unmolested.

It is safe to say that nine workers out of every ten leave the harvest fields as poor as when they entered them. Few, indeed, are those who clear \$50.00 or more in the entire season.

These are, briefly, the conditions that

have existed for many years, up to and including 1914, but the 1915 harvest is likely to be more interesting if the present indications materialize.

The last six months has seen the birth of two new organizations that will operate during the coming summer. The National Farm Labor Exchange, a subsidiary movement to the "jobless man to the manless job" movement, and the Agricultural Workers' Organization of the Industrial Workers of the World.

The ostensible purpose of the National Farm Labor Exchange is to handle the men necessary for the harvest systematically, but its real purpose is to flood the country with unnecessary men, thus making it possible to reduce the wages, which the farmer really believes are too high. If the Exchange can have its way, there will be thousands of men brought into the harvest belt from the east, and particularly from the southeast. It is needless to say that these workers will be offered at least twice as much in wages as they will actually draw.

News has come in to the effect that the farmers are already organizing their "vigilance committees," which are composed of farmers, business men, small town bums, college students and Y. M. C. A. scabs. The duty of the vigilance committee is to stop free speech, eliminate union agitation, and to drive out of the country all workers who demand more than "go in' wages."



Arrayed against the organized farmers is the Agricultural Workers' Organization, which is made up of members of the I. W. W. who work in the harvest fields. It is the object of this organization to systematically organize the workers into One Big Union, making it possible to secure the much needed shorter workday and more wages, as well as to mutually protect the men from the wiles of those who harvest the harvester.

The Agricultural Workers' Organization expects to place a large number of delegates and organizers in the fields, all of whom will work directly under a field secretary. It is hoped this will accomplish what has never been done before, the systematization of organization and the strike during the harvest, as well as the work of general agitation.

Both of these organizations intend to function so that the workers in the fields will have to choose quickly between the two. If the farmers win the men to their cause, smaller wages will be paid and the general working conditions will become poorer; if the workers swing into the I. W. W. and stand together, then more wages will be paid for fewer hours of labor. Both sides can't win. Moral: Join the I. W. W. and fight for better conditions.

Mr. Worker, don't do this year what



A WOBBLY SHAVE.

you did last, harvest the wheat in the summer and starve in breadlines in the winter.

Let us close with a few "Don'ts."

Don't scab.

Don't accept piece work.

Don't work by the month during harvest.

Don't travel a long distance to take in the harvest; it is not worth it.

Don't believe everything that you read in the papers, because it is usually only the Durham.

Don't fail to join the I. W. W. and help win this battle.





## The Love-Troubles of the Stickle-Back

By WILHELM BOELSCHE

(Being an extract of "Liebesleben in der Nature," translated by Rheamars Dredenov.)

THE stickle-back is a small fish, about three inches in length, that lives in the sea as well as in inland waters. He is armed with two or more sharp spines, and many fish of prey have to pay with their lives for trying to swallow him. The presence of such strange fighting weapons has rendered him independent and has given him a quarrelsome disposition.

His outspoken stickler temperament makes him an unobliging fellow, not only toward strangers, but also in relation to his own tribe; this is true with both male and female. They are always quarrelling and wrangling with fellow-beings, and only when a big enemy that does not fear or know their stings, comes near them, do they unite to drive off the intruder.

A "wife" in the sense of a lovable comrade, or a devoted mother during the struggles and work of life, is something unknown to the nomadic male of the stickle-back tribe. Occasionally, on a plundering expedition, it happens that he loses himself amongst the "women" who usually keep themselves in a separate flock near the surface of the water, while the males are living in the depths. Instead of love, wranglings and fights then follow, until the "stickler" has driven the "sticklinas" apart or the latter have taken the booty of the male and chased him away.

This is the every-day run. However, the day comes when a mysterious sentiment makes itself felt within the stickler

man. It is that feeling which plays such a decisive role in the life of all creatures.

Within the cell-unit of the male stickler, certain single cells have developed that are pressing for liberation: the sperm has ripened and wants to follow its natural course, to widen and extend the existence of the species of the stickle-backs. That solemn moment has arrived when the prudery of youth turns into great passion, into the blissful-sorrowful seeking and finding of love.

The male stickler, however, does not feel that as yet; not that the pressing sperm cells leave him cold. By no means. Before anything else, he puts on his best coat; that is to say, the color of the lower part of his body changes into a bright red and his back into light green. He appears now in full wedding dress; however, Mr. Stickler does not yet think of a wedding.

All of a sudden he gives up his wandering and looks for a quiet place, from which he need not move. Like a madman he chases away male and female alike that come near. If after a certain time he finds the place suitable, he starts a mysterious labor.

First, he gathers all kinds of material that can be found at the bottom of the water, such as roots, parts of water plants and the like. Here and there he tears off some suitable parts and drops them afterwards. This he does to find out whether the running water carries it away, or whether it is heavy enough to sink to the



ground by its own weight. Only the heavy leaves and stalks are taken along as suitable. He has been observed to carry material that was longer than his own body.

All this material he brings to the selected place, mostly on sandy ground in clear, running water. Here it is used to build, with extreme care, a solid, artful nest-home.

The floor is a little deepening in the ground, strengthened by small gravel stones. Above this gradually a round cavern is being erected with the plant material. The walls grow slowly while the little architect adds and binds more and more material.

The necessary mortar he carries within his own body. After every layer he deposits a thick drop of a pasty substance upon it, that binds the various materials together and anchors the whole solidly to the ground. Every once in a while he throws himself against the wall with all his weight to see whether it is strong enough. For the same reason he stirs the water into a quick current and repairs and fastens the loosened parts.

It must be remembered that the stickle-back has no hands to build with and that everything is to be done by the movements of the body and the fins. Hour after hour, the untiring work of the hermit is going on. Four days of hard work are required for the crude structure and a few days more for the finishing touch. The whole building is the size of a man's fist and is usually covered with sand and gravel, so that only the opening is left free.

However, the stickler has not built the hut for himself alone; it is only one of his peculiarities that he prepares the home of the future generation without any outside help. Sticklina, the female, does not think of such a thing as aiding him. She is like some of the modern ladies that look only for the pleasures of the matrimonial life, but do not share in its duties. In far regions the females are leading a gipsy life, while the hermit by virtue of an inner duty-instinct completes his work. Now that the nest is ready he must look for a female whether he likes it or not. The way he goes at it does not look like sweet flirting at all.

The stickler swims away from the nest

and after a while returns with a sticklina. The observers disagree here somewhat whether he found the female in the neighborhood, attracted by the nest, or whether he went right into the flock, where he met a congenial mate, probably on account of his beautiful wedding colors.

The stickler finds the situation rather agreeable once he is alone with the gipsy. He dances happily around the latter, who does not seem to know what to do in front of the hermit's cavern.

The bride-groom now enters the nest once more to clean it and then makes known to the bride by all kinds of movements that she is expected to enter the new home. If she does not understand right away, then his stickle-disposition comes out at once; he pushes her rather roughly, tickles her with the spines and beats her slightly with the tail. She is wanted and must go into the nest.

If she is too stupid and nothing helps, then the stickler loses his patience; he knows he can have other ones. The dullard is brutally chased away and he goes to bring a new one. Sooner or later he finds one that comes to reason, goes into the nest and understands what is wanted: to lay her eggs in it.

As with all fishes, apparently it is necessary that a certain height of sexual excitement arrive at the desired moment. The stickler probably follows her into the nest and rubs his body on hers. At any rate, sticklina drops hastily two or three eggs and then in a wild rush she escapes through the other side of the nest, thus making a second opening.

In the meantime, the stickler has arrived at the climax of erotic feelings; he enters the nest and covers the eggs with the necessary fertilizing sperm-milk. From this moment the fate of the female does not interest him any more.

He only knows that the few eggs do not at all guarantee the continuation of his species. He not only can but must have more sticklinas. With the new day he goes out to get a new suitable bride after the same program. He does not bother about their individuality; all he wants them to do is to lay eggs, and only the striped ones are cut out. After a sufficient number of eggs have been obtained, his sympathies for the weaker sex ceases

at once and he has no use for them any more.

Woe to the female that comes near the nest now, whether it contains her eggs or not. With utmost brutality the patriarch chases her away. However, this brutality is here fully justified because the females are lacking all motherly feelings, especially those that have laid eggs. They try to break again into the nest to rob the eggs and what is worst of all, to eat them up.

The eggs require about ten days to give life to the tiny young stickle-backs. During this whole time the family father does not move from the nest. The least damage on the nest is repaired at once. Oftentimes he goes inside to convey fresh water to the eggs by means of slow movements of his breast fins. This is to bring the oxygen which the eggs require for their germination.

Finally, the youngsters arrive, unbelievably small and only perceptible with a microscope. These little creatures need

their father and protector more than the eggs did. His attitude towards them receives now a paternal character. Carefully he now breaks down the roof of the nest, without letting the small ones go into the much-stirred waters of life. He does not let them have their way even if they try to escape when they have gradually grown stronger and bigger. He "recalls" by swimming after them, swallows them, and returns to spit them back into the nest. They live on a yolk bag which they are still carrying around.

Only after the offspring has attained a certain size the active interest of the old man fades away and the young colony parts into all directions through the waters of life.

So the stickle-back man bears all the work and duties of the matrimonial life. The female not only does not aid him, but tries to interfere and to destroy the fruits of his labor, of course, without showing any trace of affection. These are the love-troubles of the stickle-back.

**From Colorado**—"Never was the REVIEW so good as now. We especially like the articles by Professor Moore and Wm. Boelsche. Enclosed find money order covering our regular bundle, also additional copies to distribute among railroad men."—Grace B. Marians.

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# SAVAGE SURVIVALS IN HIGHER PEOPLES

By PROF. J. HOWARD MOORE

## III. SURVIVALS OF THE WILD IN DOMESTICATED ANIMALS

(Continued)

Note.—This popular Course in Biology by Prof. Moore, which started in the March number of the Review, will probably run for ten months or a year. The general outline of the Course covers: Domesticated Animals, Vestigial Organs, Survivals of the Wild in Domesticated Animals, The Origin of Higher Peoples, and Savage Survivals in Higher Peoples. The minor subjects may prove even more interesting.)

## IV. SURVIVALS OF THE WILD IN HIGHER PEOPLES.



### 5. The Mother Instinct

Infancy is the time of the greatest mortality in all animals, including man. It is the time when living beings are weakest, and least able to defend themselves against the many enemies that lie in wait for them. Hence, in many species of the higher animals there has been developed, especially in the females, a strong inclination to care for and defend their young. Those species have survived that have had this instinct for child preservation most highly developed. No species can live long that does not save its young.

The domestic cow *hides* her new-born calf. This is useless in human pastures. But in the danger-filled life of the past, where a hundred hungry mouths awaited every calf that came into the world, this practice of the mother of retiring to some secret place when she gave birth to young was an exceedingly useful precaution.

Domestic fowls hide their nests for the same reason. And in those fowls, like the turkey and the guinea hen, which have been most recently domesticated, this instinct is much stronger than it is

in the more anciently domesticated chickens. Some breeds of chickens don't seem to have much of this instinct left. They lay their eggs openly, almost any place where a nest is provided, although they may prefer to have it somewhat secluded. The goose takes the additional precaution of covering her eggs with grass and sticks when she leaves her nest to feed. How absurd it is for a goose to come off her nest right in plain sight, go to work and cover up her eggs. But the wheels of her nature have gone round in this way so often in the wild life that they can't stop now, and continue to run on after all reasons for their movement have passed away. Sometimes a goose will show a weakening of this instinct by not actually covering the eggs but merely throwing a few straws or sticks over or in the direction of the eggs and letting things go at that.

In the wild state the mother rabbit makes her nest out of hair which she pulls from her own body, and she will continue to do this when domesticated even though cotton or other nesting materials are provided for her.

These mother instincts of the fowl and the cow are useful in a world where eggs and young are hunted, but in human fields and barnyards they are vestigial. They are often more than useless—they may be injurious. For, sometimes, the cow will hide her calf so that the owner can't find it at all, till after it has perished from cold or rain. Domesticated animals are in many ways still adapted to the wild world, and continue to act the same as they would act if they were still living the wild environment which they have left. Animals that live in association with man are generally better off if they co-operate with man. But there are a good many instincts in their nature, surviving from their wild life, which cause them to act in opposition to man. As time goes by these contrary instincts will grow weaker, and will finally pass away entirely. For man tends to select for breeding purposes those best suited to him.

Mother cows, horses, sheep, hogs and other domestic animals always acquire a strangely fierce nature when young are born to them. They are disposed to attack any one or anything that comes too near their young. This protective instinct is strong in the parents of domesticated animals, especially mothers, although largely useless, or a handicap, because there was a time in the past when it was indispensable to the species.

## 6. Mother Love

Mother love is not a human invention. It has been inherited. It is older than the Rocky Mountains. Mother love in man came from the same source as the backbone in man—from pre-human forms. Mother love among men is the same thing exactly as mother love among birds and quadrupeds. The mother monkey loves her child with almost the same tenderness as the human mother. When a monkey child dies, the mother carries the little corpse around with her for days, refuses to eat, and sits often in silence and grief. Mother birds will risk their very lives for their young. So will mother bears, and lions, and whales, and the females of many other species.

Now, why is it that this instinct to protect the young has been planted so generally in the females, who are com-

monly the weaker members of a species? Among vertebrate animals, at least, the males are larger and more powerful than the females, and are physically much better fitted to perform this protective function than the females. Why has not nature given the males this work to do? Has nature made a mistake in planting the instinct in the breasts of those least fitted to have it?

It is commonly said that the human mother loves her child more than the father, because the child is a part of the mother's body. This is not true at all. Mother love among men is stronger than father love for the same reason that the mother bird or the mother bear loves her young more than the father. The



greater affection in the mother originated in the pre-human forms of life, and the human species simply inherited it.

In the wild times in which this instinct originated *the mother was the only one present at the time young were born and the only one in whom this instinct could be planted.* It was better to plant the instinct in the weaker members of the species than not to plant it at all. If the sex relations of the animal kingdom had always been what they prevailingly are among men today, if there had always been a *family* with one father and one mother in it, there is practically no doubt that the protective instinct would have been developed chiefly in the male in all animals, including man.

Among some fishes the male assumes all the care and anxiety of parenthood. And this is true in at least one or two families of birds. The male ostrich



hatches the eggs and looks after the little ones. The greatest enemy of the eggs and young of the stickle-back fish is the mother herself. She not only has no affection for them whatever, but would eat every one of them up if she weren't prevented from doing so by the father. In very few species of fishes do the females care anything for either the eggs or the young. Among fishes, therefore, the instinct to save the young is not the wonderful mother instinct to be found in the human and other higher species, but the *father* instinct.

Among all animals that mate for life, birds and men alike, parental love is more evenly divided between the two sexes than it is among those species in which there is no permanent family relation. The regard of parents for their young is a provision of nature for saving the species by saving the recruits of the species. And whether this regard is found in one parent or in the other or in both of them depends on the conditions which surround the species and the conditions which have surrounded its ancestors.

It is probable, as time passes and *society* assumes more and more the care of the young, that the love of parents for their own children will grow weaker. Parents will develop a feeling of regard for children as a whole, and will not have that feeling of partiality which they today have so much for their own children. Society is in many ways better fitted to look after its young than are individual parents. Society today carries on the education of the child, providing school-houses, teachers, and in some cases even books and meals. All of these things were formerly done by parents themselves, that is, in a "private" rather than in a "public" way. And future times will no doubt see still further advances along these same lines. We live in a changing and growing world. If we could come back to the world a thousand years from now, we wouldn't recognize it. There would be new styles, new languages, new nations, new industries, different forms of education, different social relations, and different ideas generally. We go along with our heads down, assuming that things will go on much as they are now. This will not be

true. Most of the things we are used to today will be gone a thousand or two thousand years from now. The present is merely a passing phase of things.

## 7. Copying the Leader

Years ago, when we lived on a farm in the country, my father kept sheep. And there was one peculiarity in the sheep psychology that I remember very well.

They were kept in a lot at night and turned out on the prairie during the day. Instead of a gate, the lot had what were called "bars." These were wooden pieces extending across the opening one above another, and were pulled to one side when the sheep went in or out. Sometimes, in their eagerness to get out, the sheep would begin their activities before



all the "bars" could be "let down." Those nearest the opening would jump over, and the rest would follow. Before many had passed, the remaining "bars," of course, would be taken out of the way. But every sheep in the flock would jump at that particular place in imitation of those in front, even though the obstacle were no longer there.

This copying instinct is a survival of the past. It originated in different conditions from those in which civilized sheep live.

Sheep are mountaineers. They came from the highlands. In their pre-domestic existence they lived in flocks, each flock being led by a wise old ram of experience and courage. These flocks were often pursued by wolves and other animals. The sheep escaped, not by hiding or fighting, but by flight. The life of the flock often depended on the skill and faithfulness with which the members of the flock copied their leader. And the

practice sheep have of following and imitating their leader was acquired no doubt through the necessity, when pursued of going over the same chasms and rocks that their chief and those in front of them leaped over whether they could see the reason for it or not. Those who did this survived in the struggle for life, and those who did not do it went down or were destroyed.

The copying instinct is, therefore of great use to a species living as sheep lived in their wild existence, but of no use to them since they have become lowlanders. The instinct to follow the leader exists in all animals that live in flocks and herds. It is useful in most of them.

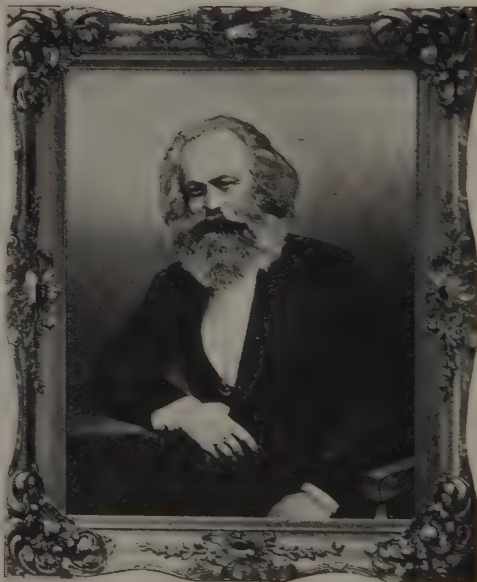
#### 14. Other Vestigial Instincts

The domesticated goose is from the Canada goose—the wild gray goose which flies over in V-shaped flocks going north in the spring. The wild goose is a migrating bird. It spends its summers in the northern parts of Europe, Asia, and North America and its winters in India, Egypt, and the subtropical parts of North America. When the weather begins to grow cold in the fall there is a feeling comes over it urging it to fly toward the sunnier sides of the world. And when the sun comes up from the

south in March and April and warms the airs of the northern hemisphere, there is a corresponding feeling in the goose to fly to the north. As a boy living on a farm, I remember how, when the wild geese used to fly over in the spring and call out of the sky, our domesticated geese would call back excitedly, and would sometimes all start to run, at the same time flapping their wings. I did not understand it then, but I do now. *It was the call of the wild.* They had the urge still surviving in their natures, the old spring hunger for the Pole, but they did not have the traveling facilities to enable them to carry out their desires.

Tame ducks that live without access to a body of water will often go through the motion of dipping and diving and splashing the water with their wings *in a dry lot.* The machinery of their nature was set up in surroundings where there was always water, and they continue to act as water-birds even in the absence of water.

There are hundreds of such survivals of wild life in the psychologies of domesticated animals. They persist, though often in a dwindling condition, in accordance with that conservative tendency of the universe which in living organisms we call Heredity.



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# AFTER THE WAR—WHAT?

## II. The Bondlords

By HENRY L. SLOBODIN

IN the previous article under this title I have indicated in a general way some of the causes that will make for the social revolution after the war. These causes are the general law of development; the new economic conditions and the consequent political uprisings.

In this article I want to enlarge more fully on the new economic conditions that will confront society after the war.

At the outset of the war the national debts of the European countries aggregated the total of \$18,850,000,000, divided as follows:

### European Debts Prior to the War

	Total Debts	Debts Per Capita
Great Britain .....	\$ 3,305,000,000	72
France .....	6,575,000,000	166
Germany .....	1,200,000,000	18
Belgium .....	740,000,000	97
Austria-Hungary .....	2,450,000,000	48
Russia .....	4,450,000,000	21
Servia .....	130,000,000	44
Total .....	\$18,850,000,000	47

On top of this tremendous debt Europe is now piling up the cost of the present war. Mr. Lloyd-George, the British Chancellor, estimated that the cost of one year of the war to England alone would be about \$10,000,000,000. (For these figures I am indebted to Hon. Edward Ewing Pratt, Chief of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce of the Department of Commerce, Washington, D. C.) This would probably include loss to commerce, destruction of property, etc. The London Economist estimates that the cost of the war on the larger countries only amounts to an expenditure of \$50,000,000 each day, divided as follows:

Russia .....	\$12,500,000
Germany .....	12,500,000
France .....	8,750,000
Austria .....	8,750,000
England .....	7,500,000
Total .....	\$50,000,000

The cost of one year's war to Europe will be over \$50,000,000,000. This by way of expenditures, and loss of commerce and property. All of this sum will not be covered by national loans. Municipal and private loans will have to be resorted to. In other words, even now the world is rapidly and deeply mortgaging itself. And it is mortgaging itself at a high, usurious rate of interest. The world is borrowing now at nothing like the rate of interest which the present national bonds are bearing. These bonds bear from two and one-half to four per cent interest. The war loans are being made at seven to ten per cent. So that while the national debt may be quadrupled, the amount of interest will be octupled. The per capita or, rather, per-family-of-five, amount of interest on the national, municipal and industrial debt which the European workingmen will have to pay after this war will be so crushing as to present the most tremendous economic problem.

The world is now being rapidly mortgaged. The question is, to whom? We must abandon the old idea of money lenders. There is not money enough in the world to cover these debts. Nor can they come from the big fortunes. The Rothschild family is credited to be worth \$2,000,000,000. The Rockefellers, \$1,000,000,000. Yet they cannot lend these amounts to any one in cash. For the simple reason that these fortunes are already invested in industries and are not convertible into cash. They represent securities. And by controlling the security market, the great financiers control the entire credit of the world. Any little money that you or I and millions of others may deposit in a savings bank or any bank or invest in life insurance or any other thing comes at once under the control of the financiers.

Only recently these lords of bonds began to come into power. But this war

will make bondsmen of all of us, and the economic rule of the bondlords—the greatest oligarchy the world has witnessed—will become absolute.

Bondlords on one side and bondsmen on the other.

The employer of labor and the landlord; the manufacturer and the merchant, they, too, will be bondsmen. But the workingmen will be the bondsmen par excellence. For out of their labor will have to come the profit of the manufacturer, the rent of the landlord and the INTEREST OF THE BONDLORD. And INTEREST will overshadow in its magnitude profit and rent.

Bondlords will be the dominant economic class in the near future. Interest will be the great economic burden of the future. It will be paid by taxation, direct and indirect, municipal and private.

And REPUDIATION OF THE WAR BONDS will be the great political issue after the war. The peoples of the world will never pay these war debts. They will be repudiated. Repudiated by direct confiscation, maybe. But most likely re-

pudiated by taxation of the bonds to the full limit of their income. Already England proposes to confiscate two-thirds of this income by direct taxation.

The bondlords will be the most powerful class in the history of mankind. Economically, they will hold the state and the municipalities and all great industries as their bondsmen in the hollow of their hands. But while politically also powerful, their political power will be far less than their economic power. Therein will be the danger of their existence. With a world in subjection, with a world at stake, the bondlords will not have the political power necessary for the enforcement of their legal rights.

Bond repudiation will be carried to a success, but only by means of a social revolution. For when the world will despoil the small group of large spoilers, it will not be for the purpose of dividing the spoils among a large group of small spoilers.

Oh, no.

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# EDITORIAL

## WHEN WE GO TO WAR

**I**F the United States should propose to take up arms against Germany tomorrow, what would the workers in this country do to prevent war? What would we do to prevent war on Mexico?

What could you do, you railroad man, you miner, you carpenter and you steel worker? You would have no opportunity to go to the election booths to vote on the question—because elections are not held to decide whether the United States should make war or not. Your (?) Government has given you no legal machinery with which you can voice your demands in this matter.

And because there is no legal way in which we may declare our hostility to war, are we going to shoulder our guns and march to the front to be killed, or to kill others in order to fight the battles of the capitalists in this country? We might secure the churches and hold protest meetings; we might send letters to the capitalist papers proclaiming our antagonism to wholesale murder. But this would not check the war.

We would need to paralyze the industrial machinery that makes war possible, in order to impress our wishes and our demands upon the Government.

Strong industrial organization and a strong anti-war spirit can kill any war. The boys who dig the coal to supply the great war vessels can then strike against coaling these great engines of destruction. They can refuse to coal the trains, and to haul the soldiers to the front; they can demoralize the production of the munitions of war and make botches of the war guns. They can produce bad am-

munition; they may even go so far as to refuse to join the army and navy. **THEY MAY STOP THE ENTIRE WHEELS OF INDUSTRY!**

Not one wheel need turn; not one telegram be sent; not one newspaper appear. Water supplies may be cut off; electric lights go blind and the whole world of industry go dead. And two or three days of industrial paralysis **WOULD BRING ANY GOVERNMENT TO ITS KNEES.** It would be an exhibition of strength that no man or group of men could ignore. It would kill off any thought of war with any foreign power.

Organize in your union, or in the factory or shop where you work, so that you may be able to demoralize the whole plant if it seems that war is about to be declared.

Some people will tell you that **VIOLENCE** is wrong, that it is illegal and unethical. But the violence that may attend the putting of a steam engine out of business, a shop or mill temporarily out of commission in **ORDER TO PREVENT WAR**, would be like burning a match in order to prevent a forest fire.

The German comrades always persistently and consistently opposed all German propaganda for the general strike or for direct action or violence in any form, just as some of the socialists in America have spoken against violence, direct action and the general strike.

But the German comrades as well as the German working class have been guilty of more violence, more bloodshed, more direct action, more illegal activities than any other nation in the world. They

have literally destroyed a whole nation—Belgium—in a war to benefit the CAPITALISTS of Germany who *exploit* the *workers* of Germany.

War means not only wholesale violence, direct action, and illegal destruction, it means MURDER and torture by the wholesale of combatants and non-combatants.

We do not need pink tea society ladies and sissies to talk against war. We want MEN AND WOMEN who will demoralize the wheels of industry so that there CAN BE NO WAR. And a general strike can accomplish this purpose better than any other weapon. Votes can't help us tomorrow—because we will have no opportunity to vote on any war issue.

But each and every one of us must organize with our fellows so that in case war threatens, we may be able so to act that we can PARALYZE the whole nation for a few days as an exhibition of our power and make the very thought of war unfeasible to the minds of the OWNING class in America.

#### Not Because We Will Not Fight.

We do not oppose the wars of the capitalist class because we wish the working class to turn the other cheek when it has been smitten by the Boss.

But we propose to wage wars only in the interest of the *working* class and not for the benefits of the employers of labor, who rob and exploit us.

We are the bitter foes of all sorts of exploitation. We mean to wage con-

tinual warfare against this system of society that permits a few individuals, who do no useful work, to appropriate the whole product of the workers because they own the mills, railroads, factories, the land and the mines. This is why we oppose the private ownership of the plants of production, the factories, mills, etc., etc., and are fighting for the common ownership of these great productive institutions BY THE WORKERS for the WORKERS THEMSELVES.

*This is our war.* It is the only war worth fighting today. All other national wars are waged today for the property owners who desire to acquire more lands, more mines, more oil wells and railroads in foreign lands so that they may exploit MORE WAGE WORKERS and pile up more profits for themselves.

And so we will have none of the quarrels or struggles or wars of the OWNING CLASS. Our war is to abolish a private OWNING class and to make the world's wealth the property of the working class of the world, when all that labor may enjoy comfort and leisure and all the good things of life and when no man shall wallow in riches and wealth produced by the labor of others!

As Hervé so well said only a few years ago:

REBELLION RATHER THAN WAR. IN WAR, WE FIGHT THE BATTLES OF OUR BOSSES; IN REBELLION, WE FIGHT FOR OURSELVES!

**For Joe Hill**—We are in receipt of the following from the Joe Hill Defense Committee: "Joe Hill's case is to come before the Supreme Court of Utah this week. Judge Hilton has prepared the brief and will make the argument in his behalf. Our defense fund is exhausted and we are worried and harried by the imperative demands for attorneys' fees and other expenses. We are glad and willing to put in our time and utmost efforts, but there must be money also to carry this work to a finish. We do not need to remind you that our organization owes as much or more to Joe Hill than to any other man or woman in it. So we appeal to you, fellow workers, to do what you can. Yours for the freedom of our song writer, Joe Hill, Hill Defense Committee. Send funds to Geo. Childs, 45 South First West street, Salt Lake City, Utah."

## The Socialist Argument

By CHARLES C. HITCHCOCK

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# INTERNATIONAL NOTES

BY WILLIAM E. BOHN

**French Socialists and the War.** France is not encircled by enemies, as is Germany. Communication with the outside world seems to be as easy and constant as in time of peace. And yet most of us are better informed about the internal affairs of Germany than about those of France. This is partly because the French newspapers and periodicals have been harder hit than those on the other side the Rhine. Many have suspended publication altogether. Others appear in much reduced forms. But the chief reason is that in the papers which do reach us there is little objective discussion of conditions. The French have gone into the war with a sort of religious enthusiasm which is entirely unparalleled in the other warring nations. They contemplate with a transfiguring idealism the glories of a French victory. Even if the censor would permit it, there is little tendency to criticize or analyze. So the French papers give us much less information than those from Germany and England.

On this account the present writer has hitherto refrained from discussing at length the position taken by the French Socialists. The time has now arrived, however, when this matter must be gone into on the basis of whatever fragmentary information can be found. Whatever errors are made must be rectified whenever more materials come to hand.

It is well known that up to the very eve of the declaration of war the French Socialists and labor unionists made the most energetic protests. There were nowhere else such tremendous anti-war meetings. With the death of Jaurès the

anti-war campaign became a sort of holy war. Then came the invasion. On the instant all was changed.

We know that in Germany about a third of the Socialists opposed the war at every stage and still oppose it. In France there has been practically no opposition of this sort so far as we know. A few provincial groups have protested against the action taken by the majority of Socialists, but these have been so few and so feeble as to lack real significance. The government was immediately reorganized as a "Committee of National Defense." Comrade Guesde, the classic old revolutionist, and Comrade Sembat became members of this "committee," and have proved to be invaluable as directors of public safety. In all that they have done they have had the enthusiastic support of the party membership. They report regularly to the National Committee and receive the official advice and support of the party. Everything goes to show that they really represent French Socialism. What they are doing in the cabinet each party member is doing on a smaller scale to the best of his ability. France is then, the prime example of national unity.

This is, of course, not the whole story. There is much to be said about the recent history of the French Socialist Party and the Confederation General du Travail. But this sinking of Socialism and the labor movement in such a spirited and idealistic upwelling of defensive patriotism is the first thing to be explained. On the face of things the German war "Socialists" are justified when they say, "Look at the French. They have done

even as we, and yet nobody criticizes them."

The answer, however, is very simple. Within a few hours the German troops were within thirty miles of the gates of Paris. I know very well that it is useless under modern conditions to discuss the question as to which nation is on the defensive. In any ultimate sense French capitalism is as much responsible for the war as German capitalism or English capitalism. In fact, French capitalism cannot be discussed separately from Russian and English capitalism. The financial interests of these three powers are for the time being one. We have got beyond the period of national capitalism. It is well known, for example, that Russian industry and commerce are carried on largely by means of French capital. Now in the commercial campaigns which really lie at the basis of the war the English-French-Russian group were more aggressive than the German-Austrian group. They have been winning for years past. They had Germany penned in, the Balkan war gave them a tremendous advantage, of which they made immediate use. Fundamentally they were more aggressive, more offensive than the Germans. It may be that, so far as any individual group can be held responsible for the great catastrophe, they are more responsible than any other group. It is evident to any one with half an eye on the fundamental elements of the situation that the English cry about a holy war against German aggression is pure hypocrisy.

But leaving these basic considerations out of account it is clear that in these first terrible days of August the French were on the defensive and the Germans were not. So the French rose as one man, rose simultaneously and instinctively, in defense of their homes. Warfare under these conditions has always been provided for in the resolutions passed by our international bodies. The French were, moreover, doing the human thing which practically all men would do under the same circumstances.

So far, so good. Nobody blames French Socialists for fighting even now when the Germans are ninety miles from Paris instead of thirty. And this makes the difference between our judgment of

them and our judgment of the German war "Socialists."

But this is not the whole story. In their talking and thinking, and especially in their feeling, the French Socialists have gone much farther than this. Representative French Socialists have denounced the Germans and glorified France in terms of the most heated chauvinism. Even Jules Guesde poured out verbal hatred on his erstwhile German comrades who are now bearing arms against his country. And the daily editorials of Gustave Hervé in *La Guerre Sociale* are enough to make angels weep. To hear these good people talk now one would think that France, the whole of France, stands now and has always stood for freedom, for ideals, for personal liberty and spiritual development. No blatant advocate of German Kultur can outshout these representatives of French idealism. They do not say to one another: These German soldiers have been led by their autocratic government, or by their own short-sightedness, or their economic conditions, to fight us, and, therefore, we must defend ourselves. No, they cry that the holy idealism of France must conquer the crass materialism of Germany. Hervé commemorating the Commune in *La Guerre Sociale* wrote on March 20: "The most beautiful eulogy which we can pay to our Communist fathers on this anniversary day is to proclaim that the republican and Socialist soldiers who are fighting for France at the front with such wonderful heroism are their worthy sons, the worthy inheritors of their generous thoughts, the sustainers of their powerful idealism which combines in one passion the love of France and the republic, of the fatherland and humanity. As the Communards fought for revolution in 1871 so our comrades at the front are fighting for revolution now!" Patriotic infatuation could hardly go further.

And even this is not all. Representatives of the majority of German "Socialists" keep reiterating that the fate of the world-wide labor movement depends upon a German victory. Modern Socialism developed in Germany, they say, the labor movement is strongest in Germany. German defeat would be a defeat for German Socialism and German unionism.



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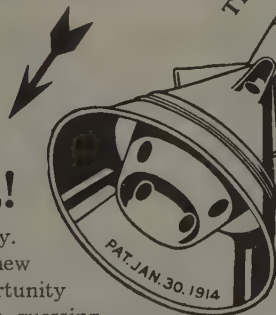
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Therefore the well-being of labor throughout the world would depend upon an ultimate German triumph.

Almost word for word this thought is repeated in France and turned against the Germans. It was best expressed by the Italian Alceste De Ambris in a Socialist and Syndicalist congress held at Milan on February 24 and 25. In an address largely devoted to explaining the nature of Italian and French Syndicalism he said: "We are not opposed to Austria with a view to forcing her to cede to us a single bit of territory; but we are determined to fight Germany, more than Austria perhaps, because these two empires represent the brutal violence of militarism and authority, and are, consequently, a permanent danger to the future of the revolution, of the working-class, of all nations. . . . It is good, we think, that the struggle against these reactionary empires be pushed to its extreme possibilities. Therefore, we favor the participation of Italy." This address was reprinted with evident approval in *La Bataille Syndicaliste*, the organ of the French labor movement.

For the good of the working class of the world both the Germans and the Allies must win!

The war has brought about profound changes in the inner structure of the French labor movement. It has brought about, for example, a new friendliness between the Socialist Party and the Confederation General. It has even hidden, for the moment, the enmity of the government. In France there is the real, unanimous co-operation which the Germans merely pretend to have achieved.

But for us Socialists of another country this is not the important element in the situation. The important thing, the astounding thing, is that French Socialists and labor unionists alike are wrapped up in passion of national fervor. Before August 1 Hervé was the leading anti-patriot of the world; now he is the prize chauvinist. And he is not alone.

Facts like this are of importance chiefly as they furnish the basis for our thought about the reconstruction of the International. The great majority of English, Russian and Italian Socialists, and at least a third of the German Socialists have remained true to their international prin-

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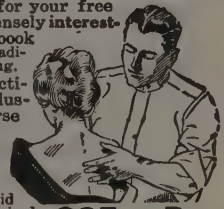
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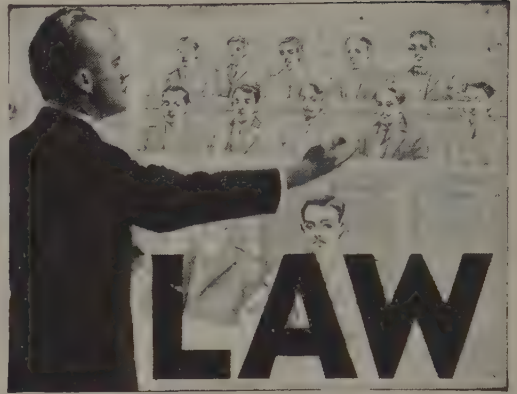


Int. News Service.

COMRADE LEBEBOUR.

principles. About them there is no question. They will enter the new International strengthened and dignified by their experiences. But the French are a more doubtful quantity. We cannot blame them for going into the war. But we are astonished at what appears to be their complete loss of the feeling of international brotherhood.

"Socialists" and Socialists in Germany. As time goes on the atmosphere clears in Germany. The war "Socialists" can no longer maintain that they have the whole Social Democratic Party behind them. The complete account of the session of the Reichstag held on March 20 has now



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reached this country. On that day 32 out of the 97 Socialist members of the German parliament present definitely rose in rebellion against both the imperial government and the decision of the party caucus. Two voted against the war budget and thirty withdrew before the vote was taken.

This result was the climax of a stormy session. There were two regularly authorized representatives of the Socialists who took part in the formal discussion. Comrade Stadthagen spoke on the injustice of the press censorship as exercised by the military authorities. He showed by means of an imposing body of facts that this censorship is so managed as to injure the Socialist papers as much as possible. The Socialists are praised for their loyalty; they are shedding their blood at the front and their eloquence at home, but their papers are suppressed or so emasculated that they are useless. It is impossible to carry on in them the sort of discussion that is necessary to the well-being of a political party. Very feeble replies were made to these representations.

Comrade Ledebour spoke on the treatment of nationalities in the Empire. It is well known that the German government has persecuted the Poles and French shamelessly. Populations speaking languages other than German have been forced to forego their mother tongue. They have often been expropriated. In connection with the war this matter has become one of prime importance. Even the war "Socialists" have maintained in their modest way that there should be no oppression of annexed people as a result of this war which they are so loyally supporting.

In connection with his discussion of this topic Ledebour took occasion to refer to a threat made by war office. For every German village destroyed, it was said, three Russian villages would be destroyed for revenge. "I was horrified when I read this," said Ledebour. "Barbarous!" cried Liebknecht from the floor. At this there was great excitement. Various members shouted: "Orders of the war office must not be criticized here!"

After order had been restored the vote was taken. The two Socialists who voted "No" were Liebknecht and Otto Rühle.



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Comrade Rühle sent the following explanation to the chairman of the social democratic group: "I hold that the various resolutions of our party congresses on the matter of voting for budgets as operative and binding upon me, and I refuse to recognize the right of the group to disregard these resolutions. Since the party resolutions require opposition to the granting of budgets I cannot agree to withdraw from the session before the vote is taken."

Here are the names of the Socialists who withdrew: Albrecht, Antrick, Baudert, Bernstein, Bock, Brandes, Büchner, Davidson, Dittman, Emmel, Fuchs, Geyer, Hasse, Henke, Herzfeld, Hoch, Hofrichter, Horn, Kunert, Ledebour, Leutert, Peirottes, Raute, Schmidt (Meissen), Schwartz (Lübeck), Simon, Stadthagen, Stolle, Vogtherr, and Zubeil. It will be seen that there are among them many of the best known and most respected members of the group. It is certain that they represent a considerable number of party members.

Again I add, as I did last month in speaking of the majority of the members of English Independent Labor Party and British Socialist Party, here is a splendid block of material for the new International.



The General (dictating): "Two-thirds of our task of terrorizing the men, women and children of Belgium is already completed. It remains only to include the men."

**Socialism Which Has Survived the War.** This is the story of five Russian Socialists. For some reason there has not been much talk about them. But there should be. Their distinction is that a declaration of war changed neither their principles nor their allegiance. They were Socialists before the war, and they are Socialists in the war. So they will be exiled for life.

Here are their names: Petrowski, Bajew, Muranow, Samoilow and Schagow. They are members of the Russian Duma. At the very start of hostilities they refused to vote for the war budget. More than that, they went on with Socialist agitation against the war. On November 17 they were arrested at a conference of Socialists. Papers taken at the meeting and others found in their homes served as the basis of the prosecution.

They were charged with treason. The prosecutor maintained that they were members of an organization which made a business of advocating the overthrow of the government and the establishment of another in its stead. He attempted to show also that they had secretly attempted to weaken the military power of Russia and so bring about her defeat. This latter charge he was, of course, unable to prove. But during the trial, with death staring them in the face, the accused men clearly and unmistakably proclaimed their opposition to the war. Their attorney declared: "The members of the Socialist group explained in their declaration to the Duma that the proletariat was unable to prevent the outbreak of hostilities and that it ought in the interests of international solidarity to work for the basis of an early peace. This they have declared, and they retract not a single word."

But it was necessary to make an example of these men. They were sentenced to exile for life and total loss of civil rights.

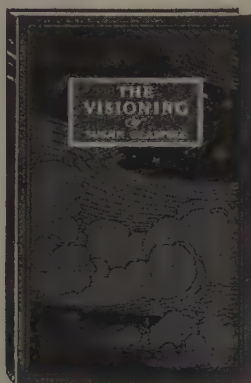
We are still hearing that Socialism failed. Well, Russian Socialism did not fail. What we have been saying in the safety of distance and neutrality they said in the face of the judge, the police and the gallows. This means more than the fruitful blood of martyrs. It means that Russian Socialism will come out of the war strong and true. Let us not forget this when we are discussing the new International.



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## NEWS AND VIEWS

**With the Railroad Boys**—That the articles by Comrad Sandberg entitled, "Fixing the Pay of Railroad Men," are making a hit with the rank and file of the railroad boys, is clearly proven by the hundreds of letters we have received during the past few weeks enclosing ten cents for single copies. In fact, the dollar bills have commenced to come in for yearly subscriptions and we feel certain that many more will follow after the boys have read the June REVIEW in which Comrade Sandberg analyzes the award recently handed out by the Arbitration Board. He certainly squeezes the lemon dry and shows up the bunk of arbitration.

We would like to give extracts from many of the letters we have received, but will have to put it off for another month. However, we cannot resist the temptation of running the following letter in full which was written by a Red Card railroad man and first submitted to *The Railroad Trainman* and turned down as follows:

"Dear Sir and Brother: Your letter of the 15th inst. has been received. I cannot publish it in *The Railroad Trainman* for the reason that it is entirely opposed to the policy of the Brotherhood, and as such cannot be accepted for publication."

Fraternally yours,

D. L. CEASE.

*Editor Brotherhood Railway Trainman's Journal:*

The most important and vital question that faces the railway employes, as well as all others of the working class, today is unemployment. When is business going to pick up? Do you know where I can go to find employment? These are the questions put to us almost every day from the hosts of the unemployed who are tramping the country from one end to the other in search of a "master" who will purchase their labor power, which is the only commodity the working class have for sale and which they must dispose of in order to secure the necessities of life, i. e., food, clothing and shelter for themselves and their families.

The greater majority of the working class believe that the present deplorable conditions are the result of the European war, and that when this blood and carnage are ended all will be well once more; business will revive, the wheels of industry will hum once more, and prosperity and peace will once more reign over the land, and that instead of men looking for jobs, jobs will be looking for men. Broth-

ers, don't delude yourselves; no doubt the war is partially responsible for the present industrial crisis, but not in the main. The war is an effect of a cause, and the cause is the capitalist system; the war has simply hurried on the crisis which was inevitable under the present system sooner or later, and will recur oftener and more intensely each time unless our present economic and social system is wiped out and a new and better system substituted in its place.

It is up to "The Working Class" to make this needed change. "The Workers" must build the New Society within the shell of the old; a society that will give the workers free access to Nature's storehouse and to the machinery of production and distribution, which will bring joy, peace and plenty for all, instead of misery and starvation, which is the lot for millions of the workers of today under the cursed Capitalist System which provides mansions for the idle rich and hovels for the toilers.

The question now is, How will the Working Class accomplish this change? Simply by organizing and educating ourselves both industrially and politically;—we must own and control our own political party instead of depending on those parties which are controlled and owned by those who call themselves Labor's friends. Politicians have never done anything for the "Working Class," and never will; we must absolutely rely on ourselves. The most important thing that we need to do is the reorganization of our present craft unions; we must change them to "Industrial Unions;" instead of being divided into crafts as we are at present, we must organize the various crafts into "One Big Union," organized on a "Revolutionary Industrial" basis, with the absolute power in the hands of the rank and file. The craft unions were organized at a time when the industries were small and weak, and have done good service for the workers in the past, but in these days of "Organized Capital" they are absolutely helpless as far as being able to accomplish any material benefits for their members; therefore, they have fulfilled their mission and should pass away and make room for the "Industrial Union," which is the only form of organization that will better the conditions of the Working Class and which will eventually emancipate us from wage slavery. The transportation workers of this country, i. e., the men who are directly engaged in the transportation departments of the railways, such as the conductors,



firemen, brakemen, switchmen, engineers and operators, are one of the most important sections or divisions of the workers, and are as poorly paid as any other class, considering the work they do, their hazardous occupation, their responsibility and the discipline and various other things which they are subjected to which very few outside of the ranks know anything of.

It is the organizations which represent the different crafts I have just mentioned that need to organize an "Industrial Union" instead of being divided and separated as they are at present, each having schedules and working agreements taking effect and expiring at different times of the year instead of simultaneously, as they would if all were in one organization. It is my firm belief that we should change from our present form and all organize into one organization on the basis of which I have explained, with a program somewhat after the following, adopted and put in effect on every railway system in the United States and Canada:

1. An eight-hour day for all classes of service, and time and one-half for all overtime after eight hours, Sundays, holidays and night work.

2. A car and tonnage limit to all trains, and that a minimum number of men constitute all crews.

3. Men engaged in their respective classes of service not to perform service in another class of service.

4. Abolition of all personal records, this to include age limits, furnishing bonds and physical examination (except a practical and fair test for eyesight, hearing and heart trouble).

5. Pay to commence from time called until relieved.

There are several other minor things that would have to be adopted to suit local conditions that would arise in different places, but a program like the above would be applicable to every part of the country and would put thousands of idle men to work that are now tramping the country and will be a menace to the railway workers in the near future in the way of getting better conditions and more pay, unless we who are fortunate enough to be employed adopt some means to relieve them of their distress. It is not the employed that the organizations have to fear; it is the unemployed who are hungry and ragged, and it is this class that the capitalists are going to use against us, and will ultimately defeat us, as they have done to other organizations in the past; therefore, let us get together, hold union meetings and discuss these real live questions which mean life to us, instead of quibbling over seniority, system rights and a lot of other foolishness which only benefits a few; work for "One Big Union" and the eight-hour day, and seniority will take care of itself when all are provided with jobs, working eight hours a day, leaving sixteen hours for rest and recreation to which we are entitled and should enjoy.

Yours fraternally,

W. J. LEMON,  
Salt Lake City, Utah.

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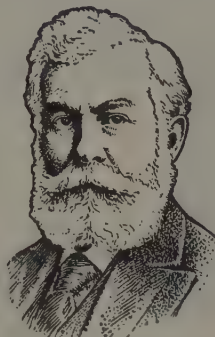
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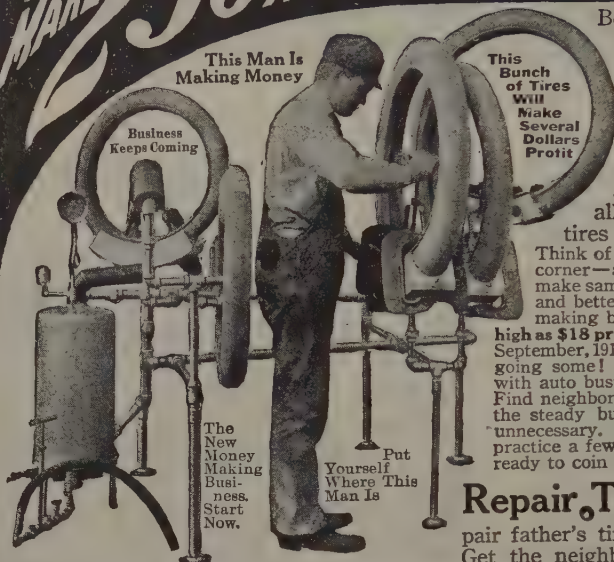


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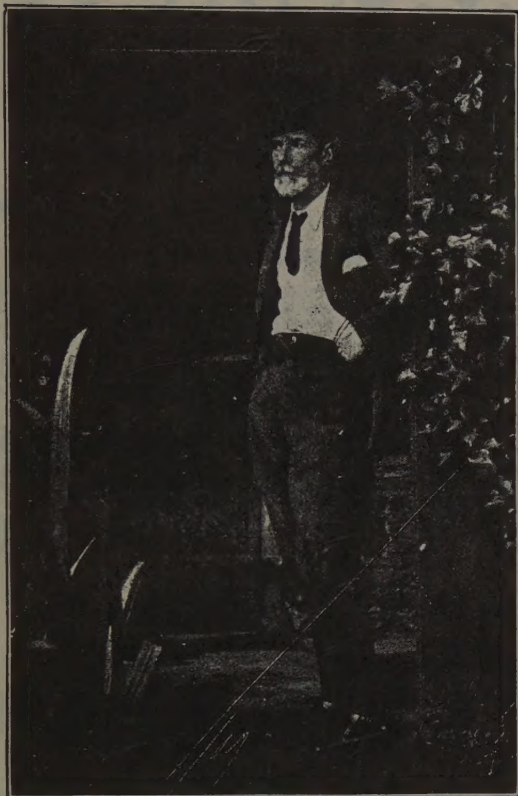
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